

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXXVII }

No. 1959.—January 7, 1882.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLII. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

AT VAUCLUSE.

I.

By Avignon's dismantled walls,
Where cloudless mid-March sunshine falls,
Rhône, through broad belts of green
Flecked with the light of almond groves,
Upon himself reverting, roves
Reluctant from the scene.

II.

Yet from stern moat and storied tower,
From sprouting vine, from spreading flower,
My footsteps cannot choose
But turn aside, as though some friend
Were waiting for my voice, and wend
Unto thy vale, Vaucluse!

III.

For here, by Sorgue's sequestered stream,
Did Petrarch fly from Fame, and dream
Life's noonday light away;
Here build himself a studious home,
And, careless of the crowns of Rome,
To Laura lend his lay:

IV.

Teaching vain tongues that would reward
With noisy praise the shrinking bard,
Reminding thus the proud,
Love's sympathy, to him that sings,
Is more than smiles of courts and kings,
Or plaudits of the crowd.

V.

For poor though love that doth not rouse
To deeds of glory dreaming brows,
What but a bitter sweet
Is loftiest fame, unless it lay
The soldier's sword, the poet's bay,
Low at some loved one's feet.

VI.

Where are his books? His garden, where?
I mount from flowery stair to stair,
While fancy fondly feigns,
"Here stood his learned lintel, here
He wooed the seasons of the year,
Here mellowed he his strains."

VII.

On trackless slopes and brambled mounds
The laurel still so thick abounds,
That Nature's self, one deems,
Regretful of his vanished halls,
Still plants the tree whose name recalls
The lady of his dreams.

VIII.

Aught more than this I cannot trace,
There is no footstep, form, nor face,
To vivify the scene;
Save where, but culled to fling away,
Posies of withering wildflowers say,
"Here children's feet have been."

IX.

Yet there's strange softness in the skies:
The violet opens limpid eyes,
The woodbine tendrils start;
Like childhood, winning without guile,
The primrose wears a constant smile,
And captive takes the heart.

X.

All things remind of him, of her.
Stripped are the slopes of beech and fir,
Bare rise the crags above;
But hillside, valley, stream, and plain,
The freshness of his muse retain,
The fragrance of his love.

XI.

Why did he hither turn? Why choose
Thy solitary gorge, Vaucluse?
Thy Fountain makes reply,
That, like the Muse, its waters well
From source that none can sound, and swell
From springs that ne'er run dry.

XII.

Or was it he might drink the air
That Laura breathed in surging prayer
Or duty's stifled sigh;
Feel on his cheek the self-same gale,
And listen to the same sweet wail
When summer nights are nigh?

XIII.

It may be. Fame he deeply quaffed:
Thirsting for Love's far sweeter draught,
Alas, alas for him!
Though draining glory to the dregs,
He was like one that vainly begs,
And scarcely sips the brim.

XIV.

Is it then so, that Glory ne'er
Its throne with Happiness will share,
But, baffling half our aim,
Grief is the forfeit Greatness pays,
Lone places grow the greenest bays,
And anguish suckles Fame?

XV.

Let this to lowlier bards atone,
Whose unknown Laura is their own,
Possessing and possessed;
Of whom if sooth they do not sing,
'Tis that, near her, they fold their wing,
To drop within her nest.

XVI.

Adieu, Vaucluse! Swift Sorgue, farewell!
Thy winding waters seem to swell
Louder as I depart;
But evermore, where'er I go,
Thy stream shall with my memory flow,
And murmur through my heart!

March, 1881.

ALFRED AUSTIN.
Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.

LUXURY—ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

THIS book, purporting to be a history of luxury, is a history of manners and morals, modes of life and customs, arts, industry, commerce, and civilization, in all ages and all quarters of the world. The steps by which every race, nation, or people of note advanced from rudeness to refinement, or by which so many of them have retrograded to corruption or decay, are accurately traced. The amount of learning, ancient and modern, laboriously amassed and judiciously applied, is immense; and the author, far from fancying that he has done enough when he has supplied the materials for reflection, pauses at frequent intervals to suggest inferences or draw conclusions; so that, by the time we have mastered his work, we are not only made familiar with the progress of luxury, but with the economical theories relating to it, the modes of treatment to which it has been subjected by legislators, the fierce diatribes it has provoked from the pulpit, and the curious speculations into which it has seduced philosophers.

What is luxury? Is it an evil or a good? Is it to be relatively or positively considered or judged? Where are we to draw the line between necessities, comforts, and superfluities? "Le superflu, chose très-nécessaire," is the well-known expression of Voltaire, and Senior lays down that a carriage is a decency to a woman of fashion, a necessary to a physician, and a luxury to a tradesman.† These seeming paradoxes may turn out very like truths, when we make due allowance for the influence of custom and fashion, when we bear in mind what a complex artificial creature is man as moulded by society:

* *Histoire du luxe, Privé et Public, depuis l'Antiquité jusqu'à nos Jours* (History of Luxury, Private and Public, from Antiquity down to our Time). Par H. Baudrillart, Membre de l'Institut. Deuxième Edition. Quatre Tomes. Paris, 1880.

† *Encyclopædia Britannica*, art. "Political Economy." It has been said of a physician that he must begin where many professional men leave off—with a carriage and a wife. "By necessities I understand not only the commodities which are indispensably necessary for the support of life, but whatever the custom of the country renders it indecent for creditable people even of the lowest class to be without. All other things I call luxuries." (ADAM SMITH.)

and if any doubts exist on this point, they will be dissipated by the illustrations of human nature, the startling examples of follies and caprice, extravagance and ostentation, with which M. Baudrillart's pages are filled to overflowing. Indeed, according to him, there has been no such thing as a natural, simple, unsophisticated man or woman since our first parents.

How often has not the human race been represented as passing step by step from the necessary to the useful, from the useful to the superfluous! Now, the primitive facts contradict this. They attest that the superfluous has more than ever preceded the useful, and that very often also the abuse has preceded the reasonable use. Let us endeavor to fix, to describe by some traits, what may be termed the elements of luxury amongst these primitive populations. We can even now indicate the result. It may be stated thus: The primitive man obeys the same instincts as the more cultivated. He is found vain, sensual, and as refined as he is permitted to be by the imperfect state of his means.

Nudity adorns before clothing itself: pride is born before modesty.

Primitive, Oriental, and Grecian luxury, form the subjects of the first volume; Roman and Byzantine, of the second; the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, of the third; modern luxury, of the fourth. The utmost we can attempt is a summary or selection of the salient points and most remarkable passages of each.

We may pass rapidly over the chapters in which, reverting to his theory of the indigenous instinctive quality of luxury, the author accumulates instances to show that the rudest tribes and races, however sunk in ignorance and filth, are invariably found adorning or disfiguring their persons in some way, and even undergoing prolonged torture, to gratify their vanity. Thus, no later back than 1874, an English traveller, Dr. Comrie, came upon an indigenous people in New Guinea who did not know the use of iron, and were repulsively dirty, but had plenty of ornaments, or what they regarded in that light. Rousseau's doctrine, that disfigurement and distortion, in compliance with fashion or with the view of beautifying, are the fruit of civilization, is demonstrably unsound.

The ladies of London and Paris, with their compressed waists and ears pierced for rings, have been surpassed by the Esquimaux, who have a hole made in each cheek to introduce a stone ornament, and by the Cochinchinese, who perforate and blacken their teeth. The supreme distinction in some African tribes consists in a species of stock or gorget formed of large shells. "So much for the *naturel* of these savages! Our most ridiculous fashions are less so than those by which they are enslaved. As to the vanity of the toilet, the famous Brummel himself, that type of a dandy, enveloped in the folds of his immense cravat artistically tied, was less infatuated than our painted savage with his gorget of shells!" This is confirmed by the most recent work of authority on the prehistoric times: "We see in all countries, in all latitudes, in the man at least as much as in the woman, the passion for adornment. Civilization has singularly increased this passion: but it assuredly existed already in the times we are narrating; and the ornaments of every kind, of every form, of every substance, show what it was in man at the dawn of his existence upon earth."*

M. Baudrillart includes under the term *luxure* all the pomps and vanities, all the displays of grandeur and magnificence, all the creations of labor and capital, which have not utility for their well-defined object—in a word, unproductive expenditure of every kind. Funeral ceremonies, tombs, and monuments, are comprehended, as well as banquets and palaces. Entering the East by Egypt, he points to the pyramids as examples of the most extravagant waste of life and treasure, and to the temples (which may be reconstructed to the mind's eye from the ruins) as throwing, for grandness of conception, Versailles and the Escorial, St. Peter's and St. Paul's, into the shade. The temple of Karnak, which Mr. Fergusson terms "the noblest effort of architectural magnificence ever produced by the mind of man," is computed to have been four times as large as Notre Dame; with a

hall supported by a hundred and thirty-four columns as big as the column Vendôme and as high as the Obelisk. The "Labyrinth," which Herodotus mentions as the principal wonder of Egypt, was an edifice of two stories, containing fifteen hundred rooms in each. "The upper chambers," he says, "I myself passed through and saw, and found them to excel all human productions." He was not admitted into the lower, which contained the sepulchres of the kings who built the Labyrinth, and those of the sacred crocodiles. The monarchs of the Pharaonic dynasties, by their passion for building combined with boundless munificence, so vividly recall the founder of Versailles, that M. Renan speaks of them as so many prototypes of Louis Quatorze. These Egyptian autocrats also resembled the *grand monarque* in their profound indifference to the poverty and misery they entailed on their people. "Egypt was then, as now, the land of the doomed *fellah*, time immemorially employed in carrying stones upon his back, condemned to excessive toil in all shapes." The pyramids and temples were all equally the product of compulsory labor.

That the Egyptians had arrived at an advanced stage of civilization is proved by the position of their women, who enjoyed an amount of independence rarely permitted to women in the East. It would seem from a story told by Herodotus that they did not invariably make the best use of it. A Pharaoh who had lost his sight was told that the recovery of it depended on his finding a faithful wife. He addressed himself first to his own, then to others, and when, after a prolonged period of blindness, his eyes were at last unsealed by his meeting with the object of his search, he assembled the numerous dames who had been wanting in the healing virtue, and caused the whole of them to be burned. The history of Potiphar's wife is repeated almost literally in the famous papyrus of "The Two Brothers."

From Egypt we are taken to Nineveh, the Nineveh of Sardanapalus, who died the death of an imperial epicure, after dictating the inscription for his tomb: "Sardanapalus, the son of Anacyndaraxus,

* Les Premiers Hommes et les Temps Préhistoriques. Par le Marquis de Nadaillac. Paris, 1881. Vol. I., p. 113.

built Anchiæ and Tarsus in one day: eat, drink, and lust: the rest is nothing." Strabo states that Nineveh was sixty miles in circumference. In describing its buildings and speculating upon its habits, Sir A. H. Layard has exhibited the same sort of ingenuity which is displayed by a Cuvier or a Professor Owen when he arrives at the construction of an extinct animal from the study of a bone.* The broad result, founded on his explorations, is that the Ninevites had made considerable progress in the decorative arts, although in public buildings and in most other respects they ranked considerably below Babylon, where Oriental magnificence reached its culminating point. The extent of the city may have been exaggerated by the ancient historians, but their account of the vastness of the buildings and the amount of precious metals lavished on the decorations is confirmed by modern discoverers.

Nitocris, the spouse of Nebuchadnezzar, is described by M. Baudrillart as the soul of his works, and to her is attributed the design of the lake named after her, which served the double purpose of a fortification and a dam against the Euphrates when in flood. The famous hanging gardens are also attributed to female influence, to the longing of a Median princess, born in a more elevated region, for the coolness and shade of her native mountains. There were five of these gardens, about four English acres each, on terraces supported by columns and covered with mould thick enough for the largest trees to take root in it. One of the columns was hollow, and contained an hydraulic machine to raise the required quantity of water. In fact, the art of gardening, with all its modern appliances, including irrigation and the transplantation of grown trees, was practised in Babylon as effectively as in the Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park.

The simplest form of worship in the open air was enjoined by Zoroaster; temples and images were expressly forbidden: whatever luxury therefore prevailed

in Iran, the nucleus of the Persian empire, was in opposition to the religious spirit, instead of being, as in the other countries we have been surveying, an emanation from it. The luxury of the empire, the empire of Xerxes and Darius, retained the mundane character; and we are again reminded of Louis Quatorze, when we are told that the household of the Persian monarch comprised fifteen thousand persons, and that the sole duty of a number of high officers was to make his bed. Two immense buildings were occupied by the queens and concubines. The royal table was supplied with the choicest eatables and drinkables for which certain localities were renowned. The water came from the Choaspes, and when his Majesty was on the move between the cities which shared his presence, it was transported in silver vessels from the temple of Jupiter Ammon in the Libyan desert; the wine was brought from Chalybon in Syria; the cheese from Æolis. The glory of Persian architecture and decorative art was the palace of Persepolis, built by Darius, with its marble staircase which ten horsemen could mount abreast, and its clusters of columns which were compared to forests of lotus and palm-trees.

We learn from Herodotus that of all days in the year, the one which the Persian celebrated most was his birthday, when the richer class caused an ox, a horse, a camel, and an ass to be baked whole, and so served up to them: "They eat little solid food, but abundance of dessert, which is set on table a few dishes at a time. They are very fond of wine, and drink it in large quantities. It is also their general practice to deliberate upon affairs of weight when they are drunk; and then, on the morrow, when they are sober, the decision to which they came the night before is put before them, and if it is then approved of, they act on it; if not, they set it aside. Sometimes they are sober at their first deliberation, but in this case they always reconsider the matter under the influence of wine." In a note on this passage Sir Henry Rawlinson states that "at the present day among the *bons vivants* of Persia, it is usual to

* Nineveh and its Remains. By A. H. Layard, 1846. Monuments of Nineveh, 1849-53. Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, 1853.

sit for hours before dinner, drinking wine and eating dried fruits, such as filberts, almonds, pistachios, melon-seeds, etc. A party, indeed, often sits down at seven o'clock and the dinner is not brought in till eleven.*

"As rich as Cræsus" has passed into a proverb, and the traditional belief in his wealth is confirmed by history. After a sacrifice to the Delphic god of a vast number of costly articles, he melted down a quantity of gold into one hundred and seventeen ingots of two and one-half and two talents each, besides causing a lion to be made in refined gold, weighing ten talents, and a female figure of the same material four feet and a half high. These, with two enormous bowls, one of gold and one of silver, were all sent to Delphi and deposited in the temple.†

The paintings of antiquity, the masterpieces of Apelles and Zeuxis, are only known to us by description, and yet, from what has been recorded of them, we give the painters credit for having attained the highest qualities of their art. By a parity of reasoning we may assume from the literary monuments of India that, three thousand years ago, she had attained to well-nigh the highest point to which luxury can be carried by splendor, refinement, and taste. In the Indian poem, the "Ramayana," dated thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, the author, describing the people of the Deccan under a feigned name, as Gulliver described the English court under the guise of the Lilliputian, speaks of the wonders of the vast city of the Troglodytes, adorned with plantations and gardens, crowded with palaces resplendent with jewels in flowery shades, and animated by the presence of nobles attired in the richest vestments and crowned with garlands. "Not far from thence rose the grand and vast dwellings of the chiefs of the Vanaras, dwellings like white clouds, likewise ornamented with splendid garlands, full of precious stones and riches, and containing treasures still more valuable, bevy of beautiful women!"

These ladies were attired in the silks, embroidered muslins, and cachemires, which are at present so highly prized by their sisters of the West. But the position of the fair sex is somewhat difficult to define. Manon (700 B.C.), severe as

he generally is towards them, enjoins, "Do not strike a woman even with a flower, if she had committed a thousand faults." The following apostrophe is placed in the mouth of one of the *dramatis personæ* in the "Ramayana": "At thy aspect, we dream of modesty, of splendor, of happiness, of glory. We think of Lakchmi the spouse of Vishnu, or of Rati, the laughing companion of love. Which of these divinities art thou, O woman with the seducing girdle?" On the other hand, we must remember the *bayadères* or dancing girls, and there were provinces from which women were objects of export, as now or recently, from Circassia. M. Baudrillart states that King Djanaka, amongst presents to a neighboring prince, sent a thousand female slaves with rich necklaces or collars.

The religious spirit found expression in the most imposing and variegated forms. The most ancient pagodas, constructed when Brahmanism was at its best, are profusely ornamented with sculptured images of remarkable elegance:—

All commentary grows pale before the magnificent ruins of the temples of Ellora, which more than any other ruins confuse the human imagination. At the sight of these astounding edifices, which appear to date from an epoch anterior to Brahmanical civilization, the development of the plastic arts and of public religious luxury amongst the Hindoos receives the most striking attestation in the magnificence of these temples, in the infinite diversity of their details, and the minute variety of the carvings.

Chinese civilization is one of the oldest in the world. Successive changes of dynasty have had little or no effect upon the manners and ways of life of the people, which would seem to have been stereotyped from the commencement of the empire; and, if we may trust Montesquieu, they have undergone five or six of the revolutionary changes which are commonly subversive of customs and institutions in the West. He says that the three first dynasties lasted longest because they were wisely governed, and that in general all of them began well. Good and bad emperors alternated as in Rome. China had her Trajan and her Antonines, as well as her Tiberius, her Caligula, and her Elagabalus. It is from the history of these last that we learn the nature and excess of the luxury which prevailed amongst them. Thus, Chean Sing, who reigned eleven hundred years before the Christian era, was famous for his cruelties and debaucheries, which

* The History of Herodotus; a New English Version, etc. By George Rawlinson, M.A. Assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S. Book I.

† Herodotus, book i., c. 30.

were shared and encouraged by a wife or concubine named Ta-Ki. He built a palace of marble and kept a public table, which was the scene of drunken orgies, frequently terminating in crime. The greater vassals rose against him and, like another Sardanapalus, finding resistance vain, he caused a funeral pile to be constructed and threw himself upon it attired in his richest robes.

The Chinese are a stationary race; with them it is literally only *le premier pas qui coûte*, for they never take the second. They have invention without imagination. Ingenious and industrious, they never aim at progress or improvement, and if they had been let alone, if the intruding spirit of European enterprise had not penetrated the barrier, they would fain have kept their country hermetically sealed against the foreigner to this hour. Most of the arts of life, many of the most important discoveries, including printing and gunpowder, were known to them when what are now the most advanced nations were in their infancy; and it is startling to think that merely by working out their own ideas, or giving them to be worked out by others, the Chinese might have changed the history of the world. There were two articles of luxury, however, which they were unable to keep to themselves, porcelain and silk. Specimens of China ware were brought to Europe by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, but the ceramic art, as since practised at Sèvres, Dresden, and Worcester, was unknown or neglected in Europe prior to the eighteenth. The manufacture of porcelain in China is dated a century before the Christian era, and it is recorded that about A.D. 1000 an emperor, some days after his accession to the throne, was respectfully requested to indicate the color of the vessels destined for his use. He wrote by way of rescript: "In future let them give the porcelain the azure tint of the sky after rain, such as it appears between the clouds." The artisans succeeded in carrying out his wish, and the sky-blue porcelain fetched fabulous prices whilst it lasted.

The Roman writers speak of silk as a product of India, and it was unknown in Europe, except as an imported and rare article, prior to the sixth century; but the Chinese claim for an empress, named Siling-Chi, who lived B.C. 2650, the discovery of the art of breeding and domesticating silkworms, that of winding off their cocoons, and the fabrication of stuffs of silk. She was deified as the

discoverer in the threefold capacity, and down to our time, according to M. Baudrillart, the Chinese empresses, attended by their maids of honor, have been in the habit of offering annual sacrifices to Siling-Chi, and have deemed it a duty to rear silkworms. The export of the seeds of the mulberry-tree and the eggs of the worm was prohibited under pain of death, and the prohibitory law was rigidly observed for ages, till a Chinese princess betrothed to a king of Khotan, unwilling to dispense with silk, contrived to smuggle some of the seeds and eggs across the frontier in her hair. But the secret did not reach Europe till A.D. 552, when two monks of the order of St. Basil made a present to Justinian of some of the seeds and eggs, which they brought from China in the hollow of their pilgrim staves.

Besides silk and porcelain, we are indebted to the Chinese for tea. Their bills of fare are varied and comprehensive, but none of their choicest dishes have found favor at European tables; not even the famous birds'-nest soup, so highly esteemed amongst them that not long since a rich widow was giving 4,000*l.* a year for an island, to ensure a constant supply of the delicacy.

M. Baudrillart places the Chinese, as regards both art and cookery, below the Japanese, who in many points resemble them; but, far from being stationary, there is no country which has undergone within living memory so many sweeping changes as Japan, and we must revert to its previous history for illustrations of its characteristic luxury, civil and religious, as displayed by the Mikado, in whom the sovereign and pontiff were combined. Treated as a god, this personage was not allowed to touch the ground with his feet, and on public days he was bound to sit crowned and immovable. The slightest movement was supposed to portend the worst calamity. At his hours of repast, twelve tables were laid out, magnificently served. He chose one, to which the dishes of all the rest were removed, and he dined to the sound of a deafening crash of music. All the plate with which he was served was broken to pieces on the spot. His garments were worn by no one after him; whoever wore one of them would have found it as fatal as the shirt of Nessus. He was allowed twelve wives, one of whom took precedence as a queen. These ladies had magnificent robes, woven of gold and silver, so ample that it was no easy matter for them to walk. But

it does not appear that they had their feet compressed from infancy like the Chinese women of the higher class, in whom what in the eye of reason was a deformity had become by custom an indispensable sign of rank. Are English ladies aware that with the high-heeled shoe, which they wear by way of adding to their height, they are destroying the natural shape of the foot, and provoking a by no means complimentary comparison with the Chinese?

Tyre and Sidon were the carriers of civilization, the connecting links between all the known regions of three continents, and the richest products of these regions were concentrated in them. The prophet Ezekiel apostrophizes Tyre as the emporium of the richest products of every clime: "Syria was thy merchant: they occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple, and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate. The men of Dedan were thy merchant: they brought thee for a present horns of ivory and ebony. Tarshish was thy merchant, by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches," etc.

The Phœnician purple speaks for itself. The Phœnicians were also the inventors of glass and the discoverers of the silver mines of Spain. Carthage followed and rivalled Tyre. "It would be necessary," observes M. Baudrillart, "to repeat all that has been said of the different objects of Oriental luxury, to exhaust the list of sumptuosities which were crowded into this metropolis of refinement and wealth." Speaking of modern African luxury, as it exists amongst the Arabs in the desert or in the town, he says that its distinctive feature is sobriety, not simply in diet, but in vestments and decorative art; and he traces this to the exclusively monotheistic genius of their religion, which expressly forbids the representation of the human figure, and even of every living thing.

Everything leading to idolatry, to self-indulgence, to personal luxury in any shape, is strictly forbidden by the law of Moses, and the law is enforced by the prophets in the strongest language they could use. But their very denunciations prove how impossible it is to eradicate or suppress the inborn tendency to disobedience, corruption, sensuality, vanity, and sin:—

Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: therefore the Lord

will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimpies, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails. And it shall come to pass, that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty. (Isaiah iii.)

What a picture is here presented of female fashions and follies! When Judith was preparing to go to the camp of Holofernes, "she took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets, and her rings, and her earrings, and all her ornaments." When she was announced, he "rested upon his bed under a canopy which was woven with purple and gold and emeralds and precious stones;" and "he came out before his tent with silver lamps going before him." We need do no more than allude to the wives and concubines

Of that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul.

But Solomon was not the first to treat women as objects of sensual enjoyment, and to degrade whilst seemingly exalting them by flattering their vanity. "Ye daughters of Israel," exclaims David, "weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

The eminent Orientalist, M. Maspero, objects to Solomon's temple that the inexperience of the Hebrews in architecture made them consider it unique: "It was, in fact, to the grand edifices of Egypt and Chaldea what their empire itself was to the other empires of the ancient world, a little temple for a little people." This is true as regards its dimensions, but in point of richness it could hardly be surpassed.

So Solomon overlaid the house within with pure gold: and he made a partition by the chains of gold before the oracle; and he overlaid it with gold. And the whole house he overlaid with gold, until he had finished all the house: also the whole altar that was by the oracle he overlaid with gold.

.

And the floor of the house he overlaid with gold, within and without. And for the entering of the oracle he made doors of olive tree: the lintel and side posts were a fifth part of the wall. The two doors also were of olive tree; and he carved upon them carvings of cherubims and palm trees and open flowers, and overlaid them with gold, and spread gold upon the cherubims, and upon the palm trees.

All the vessels "pertaining to the house of the Lord," the altar, the table, the candlesticks, the censers, were of gold, as were the hinges of the doors. The wood-work was of cedar exquisitely carved. "And all king Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of Lebanon; none were of silver: *it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon.*" The queen of Sheba "gave him a hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices great store, and precious stones." His navy brought him four hundred and twenty talents from Ophir, and "the weight of gold that came to him in one year was six hundred and sixty-six talents."

The heroic age or ages of Greece will not disprove the theory, that in the rudest and earliest times superfluities precede necessities. Homer's Greeks and Trojans had hardly any of what we should deem comforts: neither windows to their houses, nor chimneys, nor forks and spoons, nor cooking utensils for boiling,* nor blankets and sheets, nor body-linen. But their bedsteads were set in ivory and gold with purple coverings, and the arms and robes of their leaders and princes were of a richness corresponding with their rank. We cannot pretend, even with M. Baudrillart's help, to trace the steps by which Grecian luxury attained the height to which it arrived at Athens; still less to explain the complicated causes which produced the age of Pericles—which enabled a numerically small community to become the source and centre of such a constellation of creative genius, to supply for all time to come the finest examples, the noblest monuments, in poetry, eloquence, philosophy, history,

dramatic art, statuary, and architecture. Foremost amongst these causes were (what Mr. Grote terms) their expanding and stimulating democracy, their climate, their habits of life, their commercial relations, and their mythology, which, whatever its moral tendencies, was certainly favorable to art. Their gods and goddesses were idealized human beings, and the most acceptable form of worship was to represent them by images of power, wisdom, strength, and beauty:—

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

The virtuous daughters of the noblest houses were proud to serve as models for a goddess; and even when Zeuxis wished to paint a Helen, the citizens of Crotona told him to choose five of their daughters to copy from. Painting and sculpture could hardly do otherwise than flourish under a religion and a sentiment which enjoined the cultivation and worship of beauty; and the works planned by Pericles were a part of his policy, besides falling in with a state of opinion which deemed no public money wasted that was spent in honor of the gods. When Phidias proposed to make his Athena of marble, as more durable and less liable to injury than ivory, he was silenced by the popular voice declaring that economy in such a case was impiety, and insisting that the statue should be made of ivory and gold. The vestibule of the Acropolis cost more than the annual revenue of the republic. The cost of the Parthenon, the Odeon, and the Erechtheion, very much exceeded it; and Pericles was driven to the questionable step of applying to Athenian purposes the money lodged in the treasury by the allies for the common defence. The defence of this misappropriation is undertaken by Mr. Grote, who contends that his views were evidently panhellenic:—

In strengthening and ornamenting Athens, in developing the full activity of her citizens, in providing temples, religious offerings, works of art, solemn festivals, all of surpassing attraction, he intended to exalt her into something greater than an imperial city with numerous dependent allies. He wished to make her the centre of Grecian feeling, the stimulus of Grecian intellect, and the type of strong democratical patriotism, combined with full liberty of individual taste and aspiration. He wished not merely to retain the adherence of the subject States, but to attract the admiration and

* "There is general mention of considerable variety in bread or vegetable food; but meat was all roasted." "Homer; by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Honorary Student of Christchurch. London: 1878." This little book is an excellent summary of Homeric learning. But was not meat generally broiled? See (Book 9) the manner in which, after being cut into small pieces, it was cooked by Patroclus in the tent of Achilles. In the chapter on "Art and the Arts," Mr. Gladstone says: "Of anything like art, except in metal, the poems give no sign." He speaks of the shield of Achilles as a magnificent conception, and refuses to regard it as the fruit of a later age.

spontaneous deference of independent neighbors.*

M. Baudrillart claims for Cimon, the son of Miltiades, a share of the credit, popularly ascribed to Pericles, of initiating the works which form the lasting glory of Athens; and Mr. Grote states that Phidias, first brought forward by Cimon, was the director and superintendent of all the decorative additions to the city. "The architects of the Parthenon and the other buildings worked under his instructions, and he had besides a school of pupils and subordinates, to whom the mechanical part of his labors was confided." The position of women at Athens is thus described by Mr. Grote:—

The free citizen women of Athens lived in strict and almost Oriental recluseness, as well after being married as when single. Everything which concerned their lives, their happiness, or their rights, was determined or managed for them by male relatives; and they seem to have been destitute of all mental culture and accomplishments. Their society presented no charm nor interest, which men accordingly sought for in the company of a class of women called *Hetære* or *Courtezans*, literally Female Companions, who lived a free life, managed their own affairs, and supported themselves by their powers of pleasing. These women were numerous, and were doubtless of every variety of personal character. The most distinguished and superior among them, such as Aspasia and Theodoté, appear to have been the only women in Greece, except the Spartan, who either inspired strong passion or exercised mental ascendancy.

M. Baudrillart selects Alcibiades as typifying the private luxury of the Athenians, when they were at the height of their prosperity and chose their favorites from caprice, as they banished their best citizens out of weariness. The extreme beauty of his person largely contributed to his social success. He was a brilliant combination of wit, gallantry, generosity, profligacy, and audacity. He was everything by turns and by extremes, and nothing long. His banquets were orgies seasoned by impiety. He incurred ruinous expenses for the chariot races. He had a passion for dogs, and is reported to have given more than 250*l.* for one, probably the one which figures in the well-known story. He boxed the ears of one noble person, Hipponicus, for a wager: he slapped the face of another for pretending to rival him in expense and munificence as choregist; and he struck a

poor schoolmaster for not having a copy of the *Iliad*. Add some military talent and eloquence of no mean order, and such was the man who shone conspicuous, the observed of all observers, in the city of Pericles, Demosthenes, and Thucydides, of Sophocles and Aristophanes, of Phidias and Apelles, of Plato and Aristotle. Mr. Grote says that the leading Athenians who frequented the public games, "not only endured his petulance, but were even flattered when he was pleased to bestow it on them."

The markets of Athens were abundantly supplied with game and fish, and M. Baudrillart suggests that the bill of fare of a rich Athenian of the epoch of Pericles resembled more nearly than might be supposed what would now be called a great dinner. Grecian gastronomy appears to have had as rich a literature as the French, although no entire work on the subject has come down to us. One of the most celebrated was a poem by Arcestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles.

This great writer [says Athenæus] had traversed earth and sea to render himself acquainted with the best things which they had produced. He did not, during his travels, enquire concerning the manners of nations, *as to which it is useless to inform ourselves since it is impossible to change them*; but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he had intercourse with none but those who could advance his pleasures. His poem is a treasure of science, every verse a precept.

To this a well-known writer on gastronomy objects the imperfect state of science at the time. "Another ground of scepticism is supplied by the accounts that have come down to us of the man himself, who is said to have been so small and lean, that, when placed in the scales, his weight was found not to exceed an obolus; in which case he must have borne a strong resemblance to the Dutch governor, mentioned in Knickerbocker's 'History of New York,' who pined away so imperceptibly that, when he died, there was nothing of him left to bury." But the effects of eating vary with the constitution. In the days when George IV. was king, the two greatest eaters, Sir William Curtis and Alderman Shaw, were the fattest and leanest of the aldermen. Extravagance and indulgence in the pleasures of the table were not confined to Athens. Polybius states that at Thebes men frequently left their property, not to their children, but to their fellow *bons*

* History of Greece, vol. iv., p. 159.

vivants, on condition that it was spent in feasting; so that many had to give more banquets in the month than there were days.

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.*

The arts may have first reached Rome from Greece; but it was the lust of conquest that proved the ruin of republican simplicity, and it was in the process of becoming mistress of the world that Rome contracted the fatal habit of luxury which rapidly assumed proportions surpassing anything recorded in history. All the movable wealth of a conquered kingdom or province was at the disposal of the conqueror, and a government was a sure fortune to the proconsul or prætor who made a judicious use of his opportunities, and was not afraid of having (like Verres) Cicero for a prosecutor. Jugurtha made over two hundred thousand pounds' weight of silver to Metellus. Pompey extorted five or six millions sterling from Armenia: Sylla, three or four millions from a province already overtaxed by Mithridates. Only a part found its way into the public treasury; for the army and the superior officers had their share. Five of Pompey's lieutenants were known to have made large fortunes with his connivance during his Asiatic command. The consul Servilius Cæpio, having despatched an enormous sum of gold and silver with an escort, caused the escort to be murdered and the money intercepted on its way.

A Roman general was boasting of the number of prisoners he had at his disposal, when a lady present said that she had never seen a man beheaded and should like to see one. He ordered in a prisoner, whom he decapitated with his own hand upon the spot. Livy, who relates the incident, adds that "the acts of infamy passing in the distant provinces did not stand alone: others were witnessed daily nearer home. Foreign corruption had been imported into Rome by the army of Asia." The accumulated spoils of Sylla were so numerous and so varied that, it was said, one might fancy oneself transported into the richest temples of Greece without leaving one's house. Amongst his choicest treasures were the Apollo (in gold) from Delphi, and the Hercules (in bronze) by Lysippus, which had been given by the artist to Alexander and had subsequently belonged to Hannibal. Sylla was also a collector of rare books and manuscripts,

and was the happy possessor of some original manuscripts of Aristotle which, at the capture of Athens, he had taken from Apellicon of Teos. The dictator had other resources besides the plunder of subject princes and provinces. Whoever was unlucky enough to have any rare article which he coveted, could be proscribed. A citizen who had never mixed in politics, happening to glance over a list of proscribed persons posted up in the forum, saw his own name at the head: "Ah, woe is me!" was his exclamation, "it is my Alban villa that is my death." The profusion of Sylla's public entertainments may be inferred from the fact that, during several days after one of them, a prodigious quantity of food was thrown into the Tiber.

A satirical sketch of a Roman epicure at table about this time represents him as by no means wanting in discrimination; but it was during the concluding years of the republic that Roman luxury combined taste and refinement with splendor and prodigality. Lucullus was a marked improvement on Sylla. It must have been a well regulated as well as a magnificent establishment that enabled the host, when Cæsar and Pompey invited themselves to supper on condition that he would make no change on their account, to sustain his reputation as an *Amphitryon* by simply telling an attendant: "We sup in the Apollo." There is another story of his saying to his *chef* who had taken less pains on account of the absence of guests: "Did you not know that Lucullus supped this evening with Lucullus?" The sum to be spent on a supper in the Apollo was fixed at fifty thousand drachms, about 1,400*l*. This is intelligible if we bear in mind that the Roman epicures were in the habit of sending to the most distant countries for delicacies peculiar to the places, of breeding rare birds for the table, and of incurring boundless expense in pisciculture. The story of feeding lampreys with human flesh sounds apocryphal, but the fish-pond formed an indispensable accessory to the villa, and some of them made pets of their eels and mullets before eating them. We learn from Cicero that Crassus mourned the death of a piscine favorite; and Pliny says: "You would find it easier to get a chariot harnessed with mules from Hortensius, than a mullet from his fish-ponds."

¶ The advocates of the rights of women will haply be surprised to hear that the comparative independence of the Roman

ladies was regarded as the principal cause of their irregularities, and was far from adding to the happiness or respectability of married life. The dower was kept separate, and the husband who wanted money was a slave to the caprices of the wife. "If," says one of the *dramatis personæ* in Plautus, "all acted like me and married the daughters of poor citizens, the women would be more controlled by the fear of chastisement and would not involve us in such expense. We should have none of them coming to tell us, 'My dower has more than doubled your fortune; you must give me purple and jewels, women-servants, mules, coachmen, lackeys to follow me, pages for my commissions, carriages for my drives.'" Perfumers of shoes are amongst the tradespeople who are represented in attendance on the Roman beauty at her toilet. Pliny states that, in ancient times, women at Rome were not permitted to drink wine: "A certain Roman dame, a woman of good worship, was by her own kinsfolk famished and pined to death for opening a cupboard wherein the key of the wine-cellar lay. And Cato doth record that hereupon arose the manner and custom that kinsfolk should kiss women when they met them, to know by their breath whether they smelled of *tetementum*, for so in those days they termed wine."

The fashionable place of summer resort was Baïæ, the Trouville and Baden-Baden combined of Rome:—

Horace dans ce frais séjour,
Dans une retraite embellie
Par le plaisir et le génie,
Fuyait les pompes de la cour.
Properce y visitait Cynthia,
Et sous les regards de Lydie
Tibulle y modulait les soupirs de l'amour.*

Baïæ was also the scene of the loves of Catullus and Lesbia. She was no other than Clodia, the sister of Clodius, whom she resembled in her morals if she was guilty of one-half of the irregularities with which she is reproached by Catullus.

It was not for want of sumptuary laws that Roman luxury went on increasing. Cato took the lead in enacting and enforcing them. The social position of women, with the difficulty of controlling them, was the burthen of his speech on the Oppian law: "Go through all the laws concerning women, by which our ancestors have placed a curb on their license

and have subjected them to the authority of men,—with these laws, numerous as they are, you can hardly keep them under the yoke. What will it be if you suffer them to rise against these laws, to infringe them one after the other, and finally to place themselves on an equality with men? Do you believe that their pretensions will continue endurable? No sooner will they have begun to be our equals than they will be our superiors." He was answered by the tribune Valerius, who, after recapitulating the many privileges enjoyed by men, indignantly protested against the injustice of depriving the weaker sex of the compensation they had discovered for themselves in dress. "What! men were to retain the right to appear splendidly clothed in purple, whilst the Roman matrons were reduced to the simplest attire and saw themselves, they, the spouses of the masters of the world, more meanly dressed than the women of the allied or conquered provinces! What cruel treatment to inflict upon this sex, which has no other joy, no other glory, than the toilet and the care of self-adornment!"

If the Roman ladies were satisfied with this defence, they must have merited all that the severest censors had urged against them. Cato failed on this occasion, but he succeeded in passing a law to limit the amount of fortune a woman might possess by bequest or inheritance, and at the conclusion of his censorship a statue was decreed to him in commemoration of his services. He corrected some notorious abuses, but he produced a mischievous reaction by overstrained severity. He took away the horse, the mark of equestrian rank, from a knight, on the ground that he was too corpulent for active service. He degraded the senator Manilius for kissing his wife openly by daylight in the presence of his daughter.

The Roman fortunes would not be thought extraordinary at London, Paris, or New York. A French financier, reputed to have left between twenty and thirty millions sterling, on hearing that the senior partner of a well-known English house had left only a million and a half, exclaimed, "Ah, je le croyais plus à son aise." Crassus used to say that no man was to be esteemed rich who could not out of his own revenue maintain an army, but his fortune is estimated by Pliny at less than two millions sterling.

* Lamartine.

* Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, edited by Dr. W. Smith.

He added to it by commercial enterprises and the skilled labor of slaves, but the rich Roman commonly lived upon his capital: investments were precarious: to save was to invite proscription; and when popularity led to power and power to wealth, the patrician demagogue, bent on making a fortune, began by spending one. Cæsar owed nearly 300,000*l.* before he filled any public office. The debts of Clodius were computed at double the sum. Mr. Trollope, in his able and spirited defence of Cicero, contends that he did not owe more than a Roman of rank might or ought to owe, and a partisan of Wilkes maintained that he did not squint more than a gentleman ought to squint. Cicero, after buying one of the finest houses in Rome with borrowed money, writes: "Know then that I am so much in debt that I should be willing to conspire, if any one would accept me." We collect from his letters that he had "several villas" besides his town house. He speaks of them in the tone of the nabob who ordered "more phaetons" to be brought round. His Tusculan villa had belonged to Sylla. A house of Clodius sold for 90,000*l.* Cæcilius Isidorus bequeathed forty-one hundred and sixteen slaves, thirty-six hundred yoke of oxen, twenty-seven thousand five hundred head of other cattle, and sixty millions of sesterces (500,000*l.*) in money. Owing probably to the insecurity of tenure, nothing is set down for land. This Cæcilius was not a man of taste; or jewellery, plate, and objects of *vertu*, would have formed no inconsiderable portion of his possessions.

Profuse expenditure was one of the stepping-stones of ambition, a matter of calculation or necessity in an aspirant to high office or command. Crassus, when a candidate for the consulship, gave a feast of ten thousand tables, to which all the citizens of Rome were indiscriminately invited. Cæsar, to celebrate the funeral of a daughter, gave one of twenty-two thousand tables with accommodation for three guests at each. This entertainment was repeated and exceeded for his triumph. He brought together more gladiators and wild beasts than were ever produced on any former occasion in an amphitheatre, but his exhibitions of this kind were so completely outshone that it were a waste of time to dwell upon them. In a document annexed to his testament, Augustus states as a title to public gratitude that he had exhibited eight thousand gladiators and brought more than thirty-five hundred wild beasts to be killed in

the circus. In the course of the festivities instituted by Titus to celebrate the opening of the Colosseum, five thousand wild beasts were let loose and killed by the gladiators. The emperor Probus collected for a single show one hundred lions, one hundred lionesses, one hundred Libyan and one hundred Syrian leopards, three hundred bears, and six hundred gladiators. Having caused the circus to be planted with trees to resemble a forest, he let loose one thousand ostriches, one thousand stags, one thousand does, and one thousand boars, to be hunted by the populace, who were to keep whatever they could catch or kill. The fiercer animals were encountered by the gladiators. It does not appear how long this show lasted.

Although given to illicit pleasures in his youth, Augustus was temperate in his habits after he became emperor, and he tried to check the progress of corruption, but it was in the bosom of his own family that it proved irrepressible. His daughter Julia was the centre of a gay and glittering throng of young patricians, and became so conspicuous for her dissolute behavior, that he had no alternative but to exile her. When reproached by a friend for her extravagance in dress, she replied: "My father does not know how to preserve his dignity. As for me I know and shall never forget that I am the daughter of the emperor."

Tiberius, whose life at Capri was a disgrace to human nature, was fonder of saving money than of spending it, and he left an immense sum in the treasury, which his successor Caligula managed to dissipate in two years by extravagance of the most senseless kind. As if in rivalry of Cleopatra, he swallowed precious stones dissolved in vinegar, and caused his guests to be helped to gold (which they carried away) instead of bread and meat. One of his favorite amusements was showering money amongst the populace from the Basilica of Julius Cæsar. He built galleys of cedar, covered with jewellery, and large enough to contain vines and fruit-trees, and had canals cut for them along the coast. The stable of his favorite horse, which he talked of naming consul, was of marble, the trough of ivory, the harness of purple, and the collar of pearls. The set of emeralds and pearls worn by one of his wives, Lollia Paulina, was valued at 400,000*l.* sterling.

The principal extravagance of Claudius was in public games. One of the shows organized for him was a naval combat on

a lake, in which the galleys were manned by nineteen thousand men. He was fond of good cheer, and was in the habit of inviting himself to the tables of the rich. He came on one occasion with six hundred persons in his train.

It was to Nero that Tacitus applied the expression, *incredibilem cupitor*. What he not only desired but achieved in the way of cruelty and vice would be declared incredible if Roman history had not already shown what revolting atrocities may be conceived by a diseased imagination and executed by irresponsible power.

After the burning of the city, he gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites and a large portion of the public grounds for his new palace. The porticoes, with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, one hundred and twenty feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout, and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of movable tablets of ivory, which shed flowers and perfumes on the company; the principal salon had a dome which, turning day and night, imitated the movements of the terrestrial bodies. When this palace was finished, he exclaimed: "At last I am lodged like a man." His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines and hooks of gold. He never travelled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred she-asses followed his wife Poppæa in her progresses, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer, and in the theatre as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist, and when his possible deposition was hinted to him, he said that artists could never be in want. There was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world, exclaims Suetonius, endured this monster for fourteen years; and he was popular with the multitude, who were dazzled by his magnificence and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality. On the anniversary of his death, during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers.

The utmost excess in gluttony was reached by Vitellius, who gave feasts at which two thousand fishes and seven thousand birds were served up. He prided himself on his culinary genius, and laid every quarter of the empire under contribution to supply materials for a dish, which contained livers of mullet, brains of pheasants and peacocks, tongues of flamingoes, roe of lampreys, etc. etc. Tacitus states that he spent what would be tantamount to several millions sterling in less than eight months in eating or giving to eat.

Scenes of blood, slaughter, and physical pain, were the delight of Domitian. He was not satisfied with turning the amphitheatre into a butchery or a charnel-house by the numbers of men and even women* who were brought to be killed or mutilated in combat with each other or with wild beasts. He made it the common place of execution, and the sight of alleged offenders, including Christian martyrs, undergoing the most excruciating tortures of his invention, was the most attractive part of the spectacle for him. Well might Juvenal exclaim, after describing the solemnity with which the grand affair of the turbot was submitted to the council of State, —

O that such scenes (disgraceful at the most)
Had all these years of cruelty engrossed —
Through which his rage pursued the great and good
Uncheck'd, whilst vengeance slumbered o'er
their blood.†

Martial, on the other hand, has sung the praises of Domitian, and exalted him to the skies for destroying the palace of Nero, throwing open the gardens to the public, and erecting an amphitheatre on the site: "The portico of Claudia covers with its shades the remains of that palace which is no more. Rome is restored to herself, and under your auspices, Cæsar, what were the enjoyments of a master are the enjoyments of the people."‡ In another passage of the "*De Spectaculis*," he

* The subject of one of Martial's epigrams is "*Fœminæ in Amphitheatro cum leone certamen*."

† Satire V., Gifford's translation. The whole satire is devoted to the monster turbot. It is said of one of the epicures introduced, —

"For a fish that weighed
Six pounds, six thousand sesterces he paid."

The fish was a red mullet, which seldom exceeds two pounds in weight. Six thousand sesterces was about 50*l*. A mullet weighing four pounds and a half was brought to Tiberius, who ordered it to be sold by auction. The chief bidders were Octavius and Apicius, and it was knocked down to Octavius for 40*l*.

‡ *Reddita Roma sibi est, et sunt, te præside, Cæsar, Deliciæ populi, quæ fuerant domini.*

* Di
Mythol

expatiates on the splendor of the new amphitheatre, declaring that neither the pyramids, nor the palaces of Babylon, nor the temple of Diana, nor the Mausoleum, could compare with it.

It is clear from the Sixth Satire of Juvenal that carving was taught by professors as an art :—

I boast no artist, tutored in the school
Of learned Trypherus, to carve by rule,
Where large sow-paps, of elm, and boar, and hare,

Getulian oryx, Scythian pheasant, point
The nice anatomy of every joint,
And dull blunt tools, severing the wooden treat,

Clatter around and deafen all the street.
My simple lad, whose highest efforts rise
To broil a steak, in the plain country guise,
Knows no such art.

So much the worse for his master. Charles James Fox, in his *maccaroni* days, took lessons in carving; and prior to the introduction of the present method of service *à la Russe*, it was an indispensable accomplishment to one who did not wish to appear to disadvantage at a dinner-table. The name of the carving partner of a celebrated publishing firm is commemorated by Sydney Smith's pun: "*Plerumque secat res*" (Rees).

In Juvenal's time, the salary of a good cook was ten times higher than that of a tutor, a man of learning and ability, who, according to Lucian, was deemed well paid with two hundred sesterces a year. The salary of Dionysia, a danseuse, was two hundred thousand. The houses and establishments of the two players in pantomime, Bathyllus and Pylades, rivalled those of the richest patricians.

There were three Romans named Apicius, each celebrated for devotion to gastronomy. The second, who flourished under Tiberius, was the most famous, and enjoys the credit of having shown both discrimination and industry in the gratification of his appetite; so much so that his name has passed into a synonym for an accomplished epicure. After spending about 800,000*l.* upon his palate, he balanced his books, and finding that he had not much more than 80,000*l.* left, hanged himself to avoid living upon such a pittance.* Lempriere's version is that he made a mistake in casting up his books, and hanged himself under a false impression of insolvency. A noted betting man, named Smith, made a similar

mistake in casting up his book for the Derby, and flung himself into the sea. He was fished out, discovered the mistake, and ever since went by the name of Neptune Smith. Apicius unluckily had no kind friend to cut him down.

The outrageous absurdities of Elagabalus equalled or surpassed those of Caligula and Nero. He fed the officers of his palace with the brains of pheasants and thrushes, the eggs of partridges, and the heads of parrots. Amongst the dishes served at his own table were peas mashed with grains of gold, beans fricasseed with morsels of amber, and rice mixed with pearls. His meals were frequently composed of twenty-two services. Turning roofs threw flowers with such profusion on the guests that they were nearly smothered. At the seaside he never ate fish, but when far inland he caused the roe of the rarest to be distributed amongst his suite. He was the first Roman who ever wore a complete dress of silk. His shoes glittered with rubies and emeralds, and his chariots were of gold inlaid with precious stones. With the view to a becoming suicide, he had prepared cords of purple silk, poisons enclosed in emeralds, and richly set daggers; but either his courage failed when the moment arrived for choosing between these elegant instruments of death, or no time was left him for the choice. He was killed in an insurrection of the soldiery in the eighteenth year of his age, after a reign of nearly four years, during which the Roman people had endured the insane and degrading tyranny of a boy.

The transfer of the seat of empire to Constantinople changed and advanced luxury, without, in a moral or artistic point of view, improving it. Nowhere were sexual pleasures more studiously cultivated or ardently pursued, and they were enhanced by the introduction of an element which checked grossness if it did not restrain vice. Women began to take the lead in a manner that had never been witnessed in Rome; and conspicuous amongst them were actresses married to senators or high functionaries, who were content to forget that their wives' fortunes had been drawn from other sources than the theatre.

Nowhere [says M. Baudrillart] have women pushed so far as at Byzantium the researches and the knowing tricks of the toilet. The artificial forms, the deceitful paint, altered more than even at Rome the character of beauty. The sensual Byzantines learned to prefer an *embonpoint* sustained by a sedentary life. That

* Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, edited by Dr. W. Smith.

hair of which they were so vain was but a borrowed ornament. The abuse already made by the Roman ladies of false hair became a downright mania amongst the Byzantines. The yellow hair of the barbarian women was more than ever in request.

The same fashion recently prevailed, and is not quite extinct, in the *demi-monde* of London and Paris.

The Roman satirists wrote more from a wish to give vent to their indignation, display their power, or gain literary fame, than from a sincere desire or rational expectation of effecting a reform. The Christian preachers were actuated by more elevated motives in denouncing the loose lives, with the resulting scandals, of the Byzantine queens of society, who became seriously alarmed when John Chrysostom, the Bishop of Constantinople, set to work in right earnest to expose and chastise their irregularities. There were well-conducted personages of both sexes who cordially went along with him. "The females of Constantinople," says Gibbon, "distinguished themselves by their enmity or attachment to Chrysostom. Three noble and opulent widows, Marsa, Castricia, and Eugraphia, were the leaders of the persecution. It was impossible they should forgive a preacher who reproached their affectation to conceal by the ornaments of dress their age and ugliness."

Sir Robert Walpole used to say that he never despaired of making up a quarrel between women unless one of them had called the other old or ugly. The three widows probably resented the sarcasm on their years and looks more than the imputation on their morals; but not so the leader of the faction, the young and beautiful empress Eudoxia, who was naturally irritated at the presumption of a priest in pointing to her from the pulpit and holding her up as an example of impropriety. The patriarch Theophilus sided with the empress, and the authority of the Church, as in the analogous case of Savonarola, was brought to bear against the reformer, who died in exile after having more than once attained to a degree of influence which caused his fair and frail antagonist to tremble on her throne. It was in the height of his popularity, after the return from his first exile, that he wound up a homily with these words: "Herodias is again furious: Herodias again dances: she once more requires the head of John."*

* Gibbon. M. Baudrillart gives a different version,

One marked improvement in the public games was effected by Christianity. Exhibitions of gladiators and wild beasts were stopped. The circus, much enlarged, grew into the hippodrome, an arena for horse and chariot races; but, far from losing in attractiveness, it became the rage. During several successive reigns Constantinople was one huge Newmarket; it was Derby day all the year round; political and religious differences were sunk in the quarrels of the Blues and the Greens, which assumed at intervals the dimensions of a civil war. On one occasion when they came to blows, forty thousand spectators were killed, and the steps of the arena were covered with dead bodies. Theatrical representations were simultaneously in vogue, but the depravation of the stage is proved by an anecdote of Theodora, afterwards empress, who, if Procopius may be trusted, evaded the law forbidding women to appear in a state of nudity by wearing a narrow girdle or ribbon round her waist. The authenticity of the anecdote has been disputed, but the existence of the law is not denied and is enough.

Whilst Roman luxury was still in full vigor in the East, it had wellnigh died out in Italy, submerged by the flood of barbarism. Only scattered traits or recollections of it survived, to be called into life and action at the Renaissance. The rudeness of the conquering races regarding meals is shown by the manner in which the table of Charlemagne was served. The emperor dined at midday alone. The dukes and princes waited on him, and dined at the same table when he had done; they were succeeded by the counts and high functionaries, who were waited on and replaced by the military suite; and so on through several gradations down to the lowest class of domestics, whose turn seldom arrived before midnight. At the same time Charlemagne encouraged the production of fruit and flowers, as adding to the enjoyments of the people, and was pleased when any special delicacy was presented to him. The Genevese trout are honorably mentioned in the capitularies; and it will be remembered that one of these trout, supplied to Cambacérès by the municipality of Geneva, was charged three hundred francs in their accounts.

The first to transgress the sumptuary laws of Charlemagne were his wives (he was nine times married), and his daugh-

and the genuineness of the homily in which the words occur is open to doubt.

ters, who figured at court festivals and in the hunting-field with purple robes or sables, and coronets set with precious stones. The ladies of the Middle Ages unluckily were more distinguished by costly attire than cleanliness, and (coming to a later period) it may be suspected that the Spanish princess who vowed not to change her under-garment till a town was taken, and thereby gave her name to a color (*couleur Isabelle*), did not undergo a very severe penance after all.* "The noblest dames and those most given to dress," says M. Baudrillart, "did not wear shifts (*chemises*) at night except to accomplish a vow." Separate beds were not required for either sex. When the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans (towards the end of the fifteenth century) made up their quarrel, they slept together in sign of amity. The great bed at Ware was intended for as many as it would hold.

The influence of the Renaissance in reviving the vices of luxury, together with the refinement of taste and manners, may be traced in the Florence of the Medici and the Rome of Leo. X.; but it took a long time to reach northern Europe, and in a chapter headed "Madness of Luxury," M. Baudrillart takes his examples from France. It was at its worst under Charles VI., during whose constantly recurring insanity the Queen Isabella and her lover, Louis of Orleans (the king's brother), led a life of such shameless extravagance and depravity as to provoke a popular preacher, a monk, to describe the court as under the rule of "Lady Venus, accompanied by her inseparable attendants, gluttony and debauchery, corrupting the morals and enervating the courage of the military." He described the openings in dress which she had invented for the display of her person, as "windows of hell." "Être vêtu sans péché," simply provoked ridicule. The king in a lucid interval heard of and sent for the monk; which so alarmed Louis, the paramour, that in the hope of averting censure, he announced his intention to pay his creditors. Eight hundred immediately left their names at his hotel, to the astonishment of his steward, who told them that his master had done them only too much honor in accepting their goods and chattels or their services; and the prince, having recovered from his temporary alarm, dismissed them with a profane pleasantry.

The words of a song were embroidered on the sleeve of one of this prince's robes with five hundred and sixty-eight pearls. To aid in paying the ransom of King John after Agincourt, the Duc de Bourbon, also a prisoner, sold his *cotte* (overcoat) to a London dealer for fifty-two hundred crowns of gold. It was embroidered with six hundred pearls, besides sapphires and rubies. Articles of dress descended as heirlooms. Robert Sorbon reproached Joinville, before the monarch and more than three hundred knights, with being better dressed than the king: "Master Robert," he replied, "I am not to blame, saving you and the king's honor, for the garment I wear, such as you see it, was left me by my father and mother, and was not made by my order." The English of the Middle Ages, as of more recent days, took most of their fashions from the French, such as the pointed boots or shoes two feet long, and the dresses with sides of contrasted colors, as a pair of pantaloons with one leg blue and the other red. M. Baudrillart, treating Henry VIII. more as an imitator than a rival, terms him a French Francis I. Between them they managed to make a display on the Field of the Cloth of Gold which was more distinguished by costliness than taste.

"At the *petits soupers* of Choisy were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, afterward carried to perfection by Lorient, the *confidante* and the *servante*—a table and a sideboard which descended and rose again covered with viands and wines."* These contrivances were merely improved revivals. Describing a baronial supper of the Middle Ages after a contemporary authority, M. Baudrillart states that the board is strewn with roses; and "by an artifice equally renewed from Roman usages, dishes and even a table completely served are sometimes seen to descend through an opening in the ceiling. When the dishes had been let down, the opening closed, after letting fall a shower of scents and sweetmeats." Lifts and slides were also in use. It was the pleasure of a wealthy citizen of Paris, Jacques Duchie, to dine in a room at the top of his hotel, commanding a view of the city, and the wines and dishes were raised by pulleys. Fountains were common on the tables of the great. Philip le Bel had one in which the wine flowed from the mouths of leop-

* The heroine of this exploit was a daughter of Philip II. The town, Ostend, was not taken for three years.

* Rogers's "Poems," oct. ed., p. 435, note. Choisy was a château in which Louis XV. occasionally resided with Madame de Pompadour.

ards and lions into a basin amongst swans and sirens. In strange contrast to this luxury, the place of carpets was long supplied by straw. Philip Augustus ordered that, whenever he left Paris, the straw which had been used in his chamber should be given to the Hôtel Dieu. In 1373, the inhabitants of Aubervilliers were relieved from the burthen of supplying horses and carriages for the royal progresses, on condition of their supplying annually forty cartloads of straw for the king's palace, twenty for the queen's, and ten for the dauphin's. The feudal baron and the châtelaine might have chairs, which were rare and regarded as seats of honor like the *fauteuil*, but the household and ordinary guests were seated on benches and stools. It was only, we fancy, on pressing occasions that the knights

Carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet
barr'd;

but they ate with their fingers out of the dish. "As there were no forks in those days," says Scott, describing Friar Tuck responding to the invitation of the Black Knight, "his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty." Cedric the Saxon incurs the ridicule of the Normans at Prince John's banquet because "he dried his hands with a towel instead of suffering the moisture to exhale by waving them gracefully in the air." When carving was required, it was done with the dagger. From an inventory of 1297 it appears that Edward I. possessed only one fork. In 1328, Queen Clemence of Hungary had thirty spoons and one fork. The fork, till long after its introduction, was only used to eat fruit or confectionery. A Duke of Burgundy had one of crystal with a gold handle to eat strawberries. Coryat, in his "Crudities Gobbled Up," writing in the reign of James I., says, that he was called "Furcifer" by his friends from his using those "Italian neatnesses, namely, forks."

Whatever modern Europe may have owed at the revival to classical antiquity, amongst creations exclusively her own must be named chivalry and Gothic architecture, cathedrals and tournaments. A tournament at the French or English court, where princes and nobles contended for the smiles of highborn beauty, was a finer spectacle than a combat of gladiators; and if a Gothic cathedral is inferior in grace and harmony of proportion to a

Grecian temple, it is superior in grandeur and sublimity, in all that especially addresses itself to the imagination and the heart. But we are speaking not of pure art, but luxury; and the Escorial, with its gloomy vastness, cannot be passed over in a review of the structures on which the greatest amount of treasure has been spent without reference to any useful purpose or reasonable end. Spanish writers have termed it the eighth wonder of the world. It was erected by Philip II. in performance of a vow, and was meant to serve the threefold purpose of a palace, a monastery, and a mausoleum or tomb. It was dedicated to St. Lawrence, and built in the form of the gridiron on which the saint was broiled. According to the computation of Los Santos, accepted as an authority by Prescott, it would take four days to go through all the rooms, the distance to be covered being one hundred and twenty miles. He states that there are no less than twelve thousand doors and windows in the building: that the weight of the keys amounted to twelve hundred and fifty pounds: and that there were sixty-eight fountains in the halls or courts. The cost was six millions of ducats.

The founder of the Escorial was influenced by a religious motive, if a bigoted one. The founder of Versailles thought of nothing but his own personal gratification. He would not hear of completing the Louvre, which Colbert pressed upon him. He wanted something that should date from him, and be exclusively associated with his name; something that should stand out in solitary grandeur apart from the capital, which did not afford breathing-room for the monarch whose emblem was the sun, and his device, "*L'Etat, c'est moi*." The site was the worst he could have chosen: and its disadvantages, from the nature of the soil and want of water, could only be overcome by enormous sacrifices of men and money. Hundreds of workmen, poisoned by the exhalations, were carried away and replaced at night. Of the twenty thousand soldiers and six thousand cavalry or artillery horses employed, very few were found fit for service when they were required for the war. A river, the Eure, was turned to supply the fountains and cascades. Voltaire computes the cost at five hundred millions of livres; Mirabeau, at twelve hundred millions; J. B. Say, at nine hundred millions; M. Henri Martin, making allowance for the altered value of money, sets down the cost of Versailles

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with its dependencies at four hundred millions of francs, or sixteen millions sterling. Both M. Baudrillart and M. Henri Martin seem to think that the nation has got value for its money, that Versailles is a monument of which they have reason to feel proud. "History lives in this palace, in these gardens, it gives life even to this mythology as a perpetual symbol. After all, is it not France which here shows herself to us brilliant, honored, powerful?" Considering the year the huge pile was completed, just after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, we should say that it is rather overtaxed, persecuted, impoverished, depopulated France, that is recalled and represented by Versailles.

When Madame de Maintenon asked the *grand monarque* for money for the poor, he replied: "A king gives alms by spending a great deal" (*"Un roi fait l'aumône en dépensant beaucoup"*). If this was charity, the financiers of his time were eminently charitable. Bretonville, a farmer receiver-general, had an hotel so splendidly furnished that it was an object of curiosity to strangers. His income was computed at 120,000*l.* a year. Fouquet's country house at Vaux was a foreshadowing of Versailles. He spent nine millions of livres (Colbert said eighteen) upon it, and razed three villages to the ground to round off the domain. The lead used for the pipes to supply the fountains and the images was sold by a subsequent proprietor for half a million of livres. The banquet to the king and court at this place cost one hundred and twenty thousand livres. The service, comprising thirty-six dozen plates, was of gold. The imprudence of the display amounted to fatuity; and, not content with rivalling his young sovereign in magnificence, he presumed to rival him in love. An object that fixed the royal gaze in going over the château was a miniature of Mademoiselle La Vallière. The arrest of Fouquet was a foregone conclusion before the entertainment began; and when his accounts were examined, they showed that his personal expenses had annually amounted to many millions of livres, without reckoning donations to lords and ladies about the court.

It was the policy of Louis XIV. to encourage extravagance. "The best mode of pleasing him," says St. Simon, "was to go in for it in dress, in table, in equipage, in play. He thereby little by little reduced everybody to depend upon him for subsistence." The princes and

nobles fell into the trap. When Condé gave the grand entertainment at Chantilly, immortalized by the death of Vatel, his debts amounted to eight millions of livres, including a tailor's bill for three hundred thousand. This entertainment cost one hundred and eighty thousand livres: there is an item of three thousand crowns for jonquils.

The rage for play required no encouragement. It was as high as it could well be during the king's minority, when we are told of Herveart, Mazarin's banker, losing one hundred thousand crowns at a sitting. It was the proper thing to pay in louis d'or. Rohan, not having enough to make up a sum, offered two hundred pistoles to the young king, who refused to receive them. "Since your Majesty will have none of them," exclaimed Rohan, "they are good for nothing;" and he threw the whole of them out of window. Farther on in the reign "*le jeu de la Montespan*" became proverbial. The favorite was known to win or lose more than seventy thousand crowns in a night; and the king as well as the lady grew angry when her stakes were so high that the courtiers refused to close with them. "Continue," was the king's order to Colbert, "to do whatever Madame de Montespan wishes." On her wishing for a château at the gate of Versailles, he bought for her the ancient mansion of Clagny, which at the first glance she declared fit only for an opera girl, and ordered it to be pulled down. Another property was added to it: a château, with pleasure-grounds to correspond, was constructed; and she was finally lodged to her liking for the exact sum of 2,861,728 livres, 7 sous, 8 deniers.

The great lords and ladies cheated, and made a joke of it. The Duchess de la Ferté invited her tradespeople to supper, ranged them round a table and played a kind of lansquenet with them. She whispered aside to Mlle. Delaunay (Madame de Staal: "I cheat them, but only out of what they rob me of." "No one," says St. Simon, "was more to the king's liking than the Duke de C—, or had usurped more authority in the world. He was very splendid in all, a great gamester, and not piquing himself on a very exact loyalty." The female gamesters admitted to Madame de Maintenon's evening receptions, finding it impossible to break through a confirmed habit, endeavored to reconcile their cheating with their scruples. They came to an understanding that what was unfairly won should be paid

back. It may be shrewdly suspected that the example of Sapphira occasionally suggested itself.

Digressing to the Spain of the seventeenth century, M. Baudrillart hits it off in a sentence or two. "Two words designate it, money and misery: pomp and meanness are united at every turn." As one instance amongst many, he cites the passion for fine linen. "But it was particularly dear and rare, and a Spaniard, who might have had six shirts rather coarse, liked to have one very fine and remain in bed whilst it was washed, or dress without a shirt at all." Gold and silver plate was accumulated till it was useless except for show. The Duke of Albuquerque, besides some twenty thousand dishes and plates, had forty ladders of silver; and there was another grandee who had a staircase of silver. Some of them kept open tables, like the Duc d'Osuna, the wealthiest Spanish grandee of our time, but their hospitality had no temptation for foreigners unused to their cuisine. The Duke de Grammont relates that the marshal (Grammont) dined with the admiral of Castille, "who gave a superb banquet in the Spanish manner, that is to say unwholesome and uneatable. I saw seven hundred dishes served, all with the admiral's arms. Everything in them was saffroned and peppered: then I saw them carried away as they came in, and the dinner lasted four hours." The essential ingredient of Spanish dishes was and is garlic. The pride or vanity of the grandees was to have fine horses. The Duke de Medina de la Torres gave twenty-five thousand crowns for one of the Andalusian breed. Their carriages were costly, but they were harnessed with ropes *très-vilains*, and the streets of Madrid were in such a state that an ambassador's coach which cost twelve thousand crowns sank in the mud during a procession, to the utter ruin of the velvet and embroidery. The royal family and a privileged few had sumptuous litters drawn by mules shod with silver.

"In that year (1679)," says Lord Macaulay, "our tongue was enriched by two words, Mob and Sham, remarkable memorials of a season of tumult and imposture." M. H. Martin states that the French tongue was enriched by the term *millionnaire* about 1718 or 1719, the years of Law's bubble; and M. Baudrillart says that about the same time *spéculer*, till then a term in metaphysics, was used to express speculating on a rise or fall in the stocks, "People used to speak of

the *system* of Descartes. They now speak of the *system* of Law. The words do but translate the displacement of ideas. The human imagination looked *up*. It now looks round, often *down*." Whilst the bubble lasted, thousands believed themselves possessed of fabulous wealth, and were in such a hurry to enjoy it that the shops of the jewellers and the upholsterers were wellnigh cleared of their contents: the streets were almost impassable from the number of carriages started by the *millionnaires*, and the supply of meat, fish, and game, was insufficient for the demands of the capital. At the house of a Madame de Chaumont, the consumption of meat alone amounted to an ox, six calves, and six sheep a day. A painter paid or got credit for more than four millions of livres for plate and jewellery. He took and furnished one of the finest houses in Paris. He had ninety domestics in his service: he gave one hundred pistoles a pound for new peas, and he circulated the finest wines in movable fountains shaped like figures, which poured forth a sparkling torrent on the touching of a spring. "The coachman passes from the box to the interior of the carriage. The cook is transformed into an Amphitryon, a Lucullus. A flower-girl gives dinners more sumptuous than Madame de Prie, or Madame Law." Some of these were so devoid of imagination as to warm ragouts with banknotes, to be able to say they had spent so much upon a dish. The highest class joined in the scramble with the lowest. The Duc de Bourbon, who was showing his portfolio full of *actions* to M. de Turmenies, provoked and invited the rebuke: "For shame, Monseigneur, your ancestors could only boast of five or six *actions*, but they were worth more than all yours put together."*

The regent and his daughter, the Duchess of Berry, had no notion of propriety or self-restraint. They systematically set common decency at defiance. Their suppers are correctly described as "genuine scenes of Roman debauchery, prolonged to morning, by the light of flambeaux, which seemed to turn the Palais Royal, inaccessible and impenetrable, into a Capri in the midst of Paris." But the regent was a man of sense as well as a man of pleasure, and, although he indulged his passions without scruple, he

* There was a current story of a celebrated French financier of our time asking his son the difference between a *bonne* and a *mauvaise action*; who replied that a *bonne action* was a share in a profitable affair and a *mauvaise* in an unprofitable one.

took measures for checking the waste of public money, and his consent to the purchase of the famous diamond was obtained with difficulty on the plea, urged by St. Simon, that it was for the honor of the crown. Louis XV. had no such scruples, and his prodigality led straight to the financial embarrassments which brought about the Revolution. The expenses of the royal household, exclusive of salaries, are computed at rather more than thirty-two millions of livres, but his dearest luxury was Madame de Pompadour, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the cost of this lady to the State, if we take into the account the abuses she sanctioned and the disasters she caused. It appears from the book she kept that during nineteen years of favor she spent 36,327,268 livres, to which must be added the presents and the bribes. "What," exclaims Diderot, "remains of this woman who exhausted us of men and money, and left us without honor and without energy, after upsetting the system of Europe? The Treaty of Versailles, which will last as long as it can; the *Amour* of Bouchardon, which will be always admired; some stones engraved by Guay, which will astonish the antiquaries of the future; a good little picture that will be looked at occasionally; and a handful of ashes!" At all events she left something indicative of a taste for art, which is more than can be said for her successors in the same line: there is no redeeming trait about the Du Barry; and even the profligacies of the regent were surpassed by the establishment of the *Parc aux Cerfs*.

Louis XVI. had no expensive taste except the chase, and he is only so far answerable for the state of affairs under him, that he bore with it and permitted it to get rapidly worse. The royal household (*maison du roi*) grew into an army, and an army living by plunder. It comprised more than four thousand persons, without reckoning the household troops. "What disorder and what robbery! Explain if you can, how Mesdames (the sisters) could burn two hundred fifteen thousand and sixty eight livres' worth of wax candles, and Madame Elizabeth consume seventy thousand of meat, thirty thousand of fish: how the coffee, chocolate, and refreshments of the king came to two hundred thousand livres a year." The table is set down at 2,177,774 livres; the chase at twelve hundred thousand; the liveries of the huntsmen and grooms at five hundred and forty thousand. In 1778, four years after his accession, the

king owed nearly eight hundred thousand livres to his wine-merchant, nearly three millions and a half to his purveyors. There was a faint chance of retrenchment if Turgot's administration had been prolonged, but after his dismissal, mainly through the young queen's impatience of restraint, things were permitted to run their course till arrested by the crash. Her love of pleasure was insatiable: hardly a day or a night passed without an entertainment of some sort, and the fashions she set were so expensive that (as we learn from Madame Campan) her ladies ran into debt, the husbands cried out, and grave conjugal differences ensued. Matters were not much mended when, for the novelty of the sensation, she played the country girl in a white muslin frock and a straw hat. In one of her rural entertainments at the Petit Trianon, the park represented a fair, the ladies of the court kept the stalls or booths, and the queen a café. The fête cost four hundred thousand livres, and was renewed on a more expensive scale at Choisy. She lavished large sums on her favorites. Mercy undertook to prove that the Princess de Lamballe cost her one hundred thousand crowns a year. High play was another of the queen's fatal weaknesses. To get people to play her stakes, she was obliged to give over being select in her society; and the Comte de Dillon had his pocket picked of banknotes to the amount of five hundred louis in her salon.

The revival, under the Directory, of the luxury which had been crushed by the Revolution, is regarded by Mignet as a natural and inevitable reaction. "The reign of the sans-culottes brought back the domination of the rich: the democratic clubs the return of the salon." "What characterizes the Directory," says M. Baudrillard, "was the Roman or Greek dress of the *merveilleuses*. The years 1796 and 1797 saw them display their arms and bosoms, their sandals (without stockings) fastened with ribbons, their tunics without chemise or petticoat, the costume *à la sauvage*. They wore gold rings above and below the knee, and diamond rings on their toes."

Fresh clouds obscure the horizon, and then the Consulate rises, and the Empire culminates with a splendor rivalling the palmy days of the monarchy. The great Napoleon assumed state and encouraged luxury from calculation: his nephew both from policy and taste. Napoleon III. was fond of pomp and show, besides be-

ing a confirmed sensualist; and he derived a personal enjoyment from his entertainments. They were on a magnificent scale; but the only marked or lasting influence of the imperial court, as regards fashion or manners, was on female dress. The invitations to Compiègne and Fontainebleau were commonly for eight days; and a lady was expected to change her dress three or four times a day, and never to wear the same dress twice. The outfit for the visit was computed at not less than twelve thousand francs. We have heard a Frenchwoman of the imperial circle complain that she could not dress for less than 1,000*l.* a year. A milliner's bill, on which an action was brought, amounted to 15,000*l.* for three years, and the fair defendant paid 12,000*l.* into court. The case was reported in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. This spirit of extravagance proved catching, and extended to England, where traces of it are still discernible. It is not uncommon for a lady at a country house to come down in a morning dress, change it for lawn-tennis or a walk, put on a *négligé* trimmed with lace for the afternoon tea, and then dress for dinner or a ball. The only parallel in the male sex must be sought amongst the *jeunesse dorée* who indulge in fancy costumes for the smoking-room. Male dress errs on the side of negligence. The cut of a coat, the tie of a neckcloth, or the pattern of a waistcoat, is no longer a title to fame, and a Brummel or a D'Orsay would be a social anomaly or impossibility. No indefensible fashion has taken so complete a hold on women of all classes as the fashion for false hair. Seventy-five tons of hair from the East paid duty at Marseilles alone in 1875, and M. Baudrillart computes that double that quantity is annually worked up in France. The exports, principally to England and the United States, are estimated at 75,000*l.*

Private luxury under the Second Empire found a princely representative in a financier. A journalist waited on the late Baron James de Rothschild to request permission to go over his establishment and take notes. Leave was given, but when the notes had been completed, the baron forbade the publication. The journalist, coolly saying that the prohibition came too late, did publish them. They show that there were separate departments for soups, sauces, roasting, frying, vegetables, sweets, etc. etc., and that seventy-two persons were employed in the kitchens and the cellar. The famous Carême was for many years the *chef*.

The fête given by the baron at his château of La Ferrière to the emperor was above all remarkable for the quantity of game provided for the *battues*; at one of which, so ran the story, a parrot, disguised as a partridge, fell to the imperial gun crying: "*Vive l'empereur!*" Was it a witticism, a cynicism, or a real mistake of gender in the Amphitryon when, thanking his imperial guest for the honor done his poor house by the acceptance of his hospitality, he said: "*J'en garderai toujours le mémoire?*"

The French *cuisine* has produced no great artist, no Beauvilliers or Carême, for many years, and its most notable professor has been a Swiss, Lorenzo Delmonico, settled at New York. He died on the 3rd of September last, and from the biographical notice in the *Times* we learn that, amongst the magnificent repasts served at his establishment, three were pre-eminent: "the famous Morton-Peto banquet, at which were laid one hundred plates at two hundred and fifty dollars a plate; the Robert L. Cutting dinner; and the Grand Swan dinner, so called because at the centre of the table was a miniature lake in which swans were swimming. . . . For five thousand dollars Delmonico could make fifty people gastronomically comfortable."

It may be admitted that, in cookery and dress, France has given the law to Europe, but when M. Baudrillart claims universal supremacy in matters of taste, manners, and habits for his countrymen, he may be reminded that they have had their occasional fits of Anglomania, during one of which a French king sharply asked a prince of the blood just returned from England what he had gone to learn there: "A penser," replied the prince; "Des chevaux (panser)," was the retort. Neither did other nations wait for the French to teach them how to spend money. Vienna, for example, had pleasant and immoral ways of its own. Maria Theresa rivalled her daughter Marie Antoinette in her fondness for dissipation, and was not restrained by her spouse. Their court festivities cost six millions of florins a year. Coming to details, M. Baudrillart says that the annual consumption of wood was twelve thousand cords, and that there were two thousand horses in their stables. As for play, the beautiful mistress of the emperor, the Princess Auesperg-Neipperg, lost twelve thousand at a sitting.

The seat of Austrian splendor and magnificence is the château. There is noth-

ing in England or France to compare with the grand *chasse* of a Bohemian or Hungarian magnate, an Esterhazy or a Schwarzenberg; nor will there be, till Chantilly is restored. The hero in "Pelham" argues that it is creditable to be arrested, because it shows that one has once had credit. Reasoning somewhat in the same manner, M. Baudrillart names as "a sign of more than royal opulence," the fact that Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, who died about 1835, owed forty-five millions of francs. It was this prince who, when Mr. Coke of Norfolk, pointing to a flock of two or three thousand sheep, asked him if he had as many, replied, that he did not know how many sheep he had, but he believed he had two or three thousand shepherds. An English sportsman, who had accidentally shot one of the Hungarian beaters, was told that it did not signify, but the price of a serf was 30*l*. This was the true grand seigneur mode of treating such occurrences. When the emperor was of the party, the grand huntsman, standing just behind, specified the game as it fell. On one occasion the announcements, without the change of a muscle or a tone, ran thus: "Hare, your Majesty." "Pheasant, your Majesty." "Lord High Chamberlain, your Majesty."

English luxury has been always of a fluctuating character. Thus, a sudden fit of extravagance followed close on the peace of 1763. Alluding to the sobering effect of the American war, Miss Berry says: "No more was heard of fêtes champêtres costing 15,000*l*; no more of kitchen gardens, whose yearly expense was 6,000*l*; no more of bills with tailors for thousands; no more of sums so great, and property so considerable, depending on the cast of a die, that the gainer dared not profit by more than half of his good luck."* The habits of country life retained their plainness. "No man intending to stand for his county, or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table to be served with three-pronged forks, or his ale to be presented but in a tankard, to which every mouth was to be successively applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety, and baths, and every extra attention to cleanliness and purity of person, were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners." The designation of

"Silver-fork School," given to a school of novelists who affected superior gentility some fifty or sixty years since, implies that the use of the three-pronged fork was only then becoming general; and the introduction of the tub, which constitutes an epoch in the domestic economy of England, cannot be dated more than twenty-five or thirty years back.

"Billy Butler," the sporting parson of Dorset, used to say that he remembered three generations of parsons: the first dined at one and drank ale: the second at three and occasionally drank port: the third at seven and regularly drank claret. A similar change of habits might be traced in other classes, especially in what may be called the upper middle class. There is an increase in the consumption of French wines, partly owing to their cheapness; and there is a corresponding decrease in drunkenness. There is also a growing spirit of moderation, the offspring of good sense, opposed to excess of any kind. We still hear of fêtes costing thousands, of dinners at five guineas a head, of two or three thousand pounds spent on flowers for a ball, but so long as the expenditure has a definite object, so long as it gratifies a refined taste or conduces to enjoyment, we see no reason to complain.

There are writers, however, who contend with Louis XIV. that the more money spent in any way the better, under an impression that it gives employment and promotes trade; as there are others who would fain enforce a Quaker-like simplicity in all things. The writer who has gone farthest in praise of extravagance is Mandeville, in his once celebrated work, "The Fable of the Bees: or Private Vices, Public Benefits," first published in 1714. It is a poem with a prose accompaniment in the shape of remarks. The plot of the poem is simple enough:

A spacious hive well stock'd with bees,
That lived in luxury and ease.

These insects lived like men and all
Our actions they performed in small.

The tradesmen were all cheats, the
lawyers rogues, the physicians quacks,
the clergy hypocrites, the judges corrupt:

Thus every part was full of vice,
Yet the whole mass a paradise;
Flattered in peace and feared in wars
They were th' esteem of foreigners.

The root of evil, avarice,
That damn'd ill-natured baneful vice,

* Comparative View of the Social Condition of England and France. In 1777 Lord Ilchester lost 13,000*l*. at a sitting to Lord Carlisle, who offered to take 3,000*l*. down. There was a balance at one time in favor of one of the players of 50,000*l*.

Was slave to prodigality,
That noble sin; whilst luxury
 Employ'd a million of the poor,
 And odious pride a million more.

The commonwealth was in the height of prosperity, when some grumblers cried out: "Good Gods, had we but honesty!" Mercury smiled; but

Jove, in anger moved,
 At last in anger swore, he'd rid
 The bawling hive of fraud, and did.
 The very moment it departs
 And honesty fills all their hearts.

From that moment the commonwealth declines, and sinks apace into poverty, ruin, and insignificance. The tradesmen are without purchasers, the lawyers without clients, the physicians without patients, and the clergy and judges are no longer wanted.

The book made a great noise. "It has been presented," says the author, "by the grand jury. It has been preached against before my Lord Mayor, and an utter refutation of it is daily expected from a reverend divine who has called me names in the advertisements and threatened to answer me in two months' time for above five months together." The reverend divine might have spared himself the trouble, for the refutation is contained in the homely adage, "Honesty is the best policy." Surely trades and professions may thrive without fraud; and munificence may exist without "the noble sin" prodigality. The cause of luxury is more plausibly advocated by Voltaire in "*Le Mondain*."

Ainsi l'on voit en Angleterre, en France,
 Par cent canaux circule l'abondance,
 Le goût du luxe entre dans tous les rangs,
 Le pauvre y vit des vanités des grands,
 Et le travail, gagé par la mollesse,
 S'ouvre, à pas lents, la route à la richesse.

The article "*Luxe*" in his "Philosophical Dictionary" begins: "In a country where everybody went barefooted, was the first man who wore a pair of shoes luxurious? Was he not a sensible and industrious fellow? May not the same be said of him who had the first shirt? As for him who had it washed and ironed, I believe him to be a genius full of resources and capable of governing a State. Yet those who were not accustomed to wear clean shirts, treated him as an effeminate aristocrat who corrupted the nation." The intended inference is met by M. Emile de Lavelaye, who defines luxury to be that which destroys the product of many days of labor without bring-

ing any reasonable satisfaction. "That queen of the ball is destroying in the whirls of the waltz a flounce of lace worth ten thousand francs: there goes the equivalent of fifty thousand hours of toil destructive of eyesight; and what advantage has been drawn from it?"*

But before condemning the queen of the ball, let us see to how many others the censure would apply. It has been computed that gold and silver to the value of two and one-half millions of pounds is annually consumed in France for plate and ornaments, mostly of the tinsel sort that are displayed in the shops of the Palais Royal; and more than a million of gold for similar purposes in Birmingham. A deputation of ribbon-weavers, who came up from Coventry full of the dignity of labor and the importance of the working man, were suddenly taken aback by being reminded that the world could do very well without ribbons. If the thing is useless except as an ornament, the cost matters nothing to the argument, and the beauty with her lace belongs to the same category as the servant-girl with her ribbon or the shop-boy with his chain. She has, moreover, this advantage: she has indirectly contributed to the production of a delicate work of art, and all enlightened utilitarians will allow that whatever gives pleasure to a cultivated taste falls fairly within the domain of utility. If we give up lace, we must give up diamonds and pearls, Sèvres china, Venetian glass, and the choicest specimens of goldsmith's work, the masterpieces of Benvenuto Cellini. It is only a step further to statues and pictures, and the bare suggestion is enough to alarm M. Baudrillart for his countrymen.

Deprive this French race of these "inutilities," deprive it of silk to be replaced by cotton, take away the statues, the pictures, the marbles, the bronzes, the velvets, the trinkets, — those thousand objects of every kind, woven, spun, plaited, embroidered by fairy fingers — and you take from it its employment, its revenue, its power, its instruction, the better part of itself.

If, he might have added, we are to keep to the solid and material; if the fancy, the sense of beauty, grace, and elegance, are never to be addressed, the higher faculties will grow torpid from disuse, the mind will dwindle and degenerate, and intellectual progress will be arrested or flung back. "Race without wants, race without ideas." The rival systems are

* *Revue des Deux Mondes* for Nov. 1, 1880.

well represented by Athens and Sparta. Who thinks of Sparta when we speak of Greece? What has Sparta done for the world, and what would the world be without what it owes to Athens? "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the creations of the age of Pericles are a lasting boon of inestimable value to mankind.

A French economist cites the saying of an emperor: "If one of my subjects does not work, there is in my states some one who suffers from hunger and cold." "Suppose," says Franklin, "a hundred thousand French hairdressers suddenly giving up their unproductive labor to clear a hundred acres each." If the land were worth clearing, it would be better cleared by the regular agriculturists; and the evil is not the deficiency but the unequal distribution of food. If all mankind were employed in producing necessities, a large part of the product would be superfluities. Capital has been defined as hoarded industry: and Adam Smith describes a man who accumulates it as a public benefactor; but how many would accumulate without the hope or chance of future enjoyment, without the stimulant that luxury supplies? The truth lies between the two extremes, and Mandeville is so far right, that selfishness and vanity contribute in their several ways to the production and circulation of wealth. These qualities are too deeply rooted in human nature to be eradicated, and we must take the evil with the good. But, comparing the present with the past, we cannot allow that

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores.*

Indeed we are prepared to go farther than Montalembert in his spirited defence of contemporary France, and instead of saying with him that we are not worse, boldly declare that we are better than our forefathers.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

CHAPTER XXXV.

IT was the day after this interview. Randal had gone, at Jimmy's request, to call upon him at the office, in order to carry out some of the financial arrange-

ments respecting which Grace was so anxious; and she was busy with some needlework of a homely description, when Maurice Balfour came in, with all the easy familiarity of an *habitué*, and seated himself opposite her.

"So you can do needlework?" he said, after the first greetings were exchanged, and he had looked at her silently for an instant.

"Yes, of course. Did you think me incapable?"

"Well, not exactly; but you do not give me the idea of a woman who would sit down and sew seams or cook a dinner."

"I should like to know what idea I do give you, Maurice."

"I think nature intended you for a *grande dame*."

"But as nature and fortune do not agree in my case, I must do the best I can. I am very fond of needlework. It always soothes me, provided I am not obliged to do too much. *Now* I am busy preparing my best bibs and tuckers, because I am going to stay with Lady Elton the day after to-morrow for a week, and then I hope to get away back to my mother."

"Oh, you are going to Lady Elton?" repeated Balfour, leaning his arms on the table and frowning slightly. "That is a confounded bore. We shall see nothing of you."

"Are you sorry?" asked Grace, looking up with a brief arch smile. "But you can come and see me. Lady Elton is very fond of you. She thinks you clever and original, and I know not what all."

"I rather fancy Lady Elton is one of the warm-hearted women who credit those they like with every virtue and excellence. Eh, Grace?"

"Yes; I am sure she does."

"Still, however kind she may be to me, I cannot go in and out of her house as I can here."

"No; not exactly. Nor can I walk with you every day. But if you come to Zittau, we shall have nice long walks, and perhaps a ride. Oh! Maurice, would it not be perfectly delicious to ride together again?"

"Perfectly delicious," repeated Balfour, in a low tone, as if to himself.

"Do you remember Mab at all?" asked Grace, not heeding him, as she threaded her needle.

"Yes; very well. She was a wilful monkey, and not a bit like you."

"No; I was an angel."

"Far better," said Balfour, laughing; "a very human girl, with a dash of the devil."

"What happy days they were at Dun-gar! But I do not think I should ever be happy in the same way again."

"No," he returned thoughtfully; "the past never can return, which is another reason for enjoying the present to the utmost. We can never have it again."

There was a pause.

"You cannot imagine," resumed Bal-four presently, "how delightful it is to sit here quietly and watch you work, and just talk to you as if you were my sister. It is like a peep into a new world. I have always been rather a lonely chap."

"Don't say 'chap,' Maurice," said Grace, with laughing eyes. "It is hor-rid! Say a 'lonely man.' It is more effective, and gives the idea of a scathed and blighted being."

"Well, a lonely man, if you like. I have not met many women—at least, ladies—and life, I begin to think, is very dull without them."

"I am sure it is. At any rate, I always feel brighter when I have some men friends with me. First I had Randal, and yourself, and Jimmy Byrne, and my uncle the count (you will like him so much) and Herr von Falkenberg. I have always had some one. You see it is a sort of link with the outer world. In short, I wish I had been a man myself."

"And if you had, what good comrades we should have been—eh, Grace?" And he looked at her with a peculiar smile lingering in his eyes.

"Yes, we should. I think I would have been an engineer too, and we would have travelled all over the world. I imagine I am more energetic than you are. Are you not a little indolent?"

"Perhaps; but I am not aware of it."

"Ah! That is very likely. You are not ambitious enough."

"I think loneliness has something to do with that. But I am not without ambition, Miss Frere. You don't know me quite yet."

"Better than you think," cried Grace, with a little nod. "And I wish Randal was more like you. Oh, how I wish I could do something to earn money!"

"I don't think you need trouble your-self about that," returned Balfour, sud-denly feeling in his breast pocket. "By the way, I quite forget to give Randal back these poems of his." And he pulled forth a packet of manuscript.

Grace held out her hand with a sigh.

"What do you think of them?"

"They are not so bad."

"That is faint praise."

"I am no great judge, but it seems to me that if you have to think twice about the effect of a poem, it is not poetry. Now here, this treats of the scenery of South America. Randal must have read up well for it. It is all correct enough, and yet any one can feel that he never saw the country. He asked me to look through and point out any error. There are none absolutely; but the whole thing is—unreal."

"Why, Maurice, you are quite a critic!"

"Oh, I have read a little during my wanderings."

"Do you think me very impertinent, Maurice?"

"No!" with a good-humored laugh that showed his strong, white teeth under the thick moustaches; "but I can see you think me an untutored savage. I suppose I am. What can you expect from a pio-neer?"

"But I do *not* think so, Maurice. I like you just as you are, without the pretty tricks and turns of drawing-room gentle-men, who always remind me of elegant polished sword-sticks with keen, cold steel inside."

A little unconscious sigh, as she ceased speaking, evidently caught Balfour's at-tention. He looked at her gravely for an instant, but she was too much occupied with her work to heed him.

"You will find sharp steel encased in rough bludgeons too, sometimes," he said carelessly. "For my own part I admire grace and polish immensely, per-haps the more because I have not seen much. I fancy there is a certain strength in it."

There was another pause.

"Will Randal consider me a bear if I tell him what I really think of his work? because I must," he resumed.

"He will be horribly mortified," said Grace.

"But it would be false, utterly false, not to let him know the waste of time it is to scribble what no one will read, or at any rate pay for."

"You are right, Maurice. I feel that too; only I have not the heart or the courage to say so;" and she began to put away her work slowly and thoughtfully.

"Still he must be told the truth. It is much more cruel to let him deceive him-self."

Grace did not answer immediately; and after looking towards her, as if he ex-

pected her to speak, Balfour rose, walked to the window and back.

"You are putting away your work," he said, pausing at the table; "and it is less cold than yesterday. Come out and take a walk with me; do, Grace. In a few weeks or months I shall be away in the wilds — God knows where. So I want to make the most of the present; and somehow or other, it seems to be more natural to make a comrade of you than of Randal. So come along. When I drift away, I may never see you again."

"Oh, I shall be very glad to take a walk, Maurice," said Grace, looking at him with a smile, and perceiving vaguely what fine, large, imploring eyes he had, when they woke up from their usual sleepy expression of good-humored indifference. "I shall not be long," she added, with a little nod as she gathered her belongings together, "but I must change my dress."

"Why, you look well-dressed enough! I should not imagine you cared about dress."

"Yes, but I do. I love dress — rich, soft, costly materials, and furs and jewels — and lace above all things. I think dress most important. One of the few reasons which keep me from really wishing to be a man, is that I could not wear beautiful things even if I could buy them. I am no philosopher, Maurice."

She left the room, and Balfour remained in the attitude in which he had last spoken to her. "A true woman's love of finery," he muttered; and a look of deep thought gathered on his brow, giving a fixed, almost stern, expression to his strong features, very different from their ordinary aspect.

Grace found him still standing there when she returned, but he cleared up directly.

"Well," he said, smiling, as he looked at her, "are you satisfied? for I am."

"Not ashamed to be seen with me?" asked Grace, as she put a list of small commissions she had received from her mother that morning in her pocket. "Does it make you cross to do shopping?"

"I do not know — I never tried."

"I will try you to-day then," said she, locking up her letter in a drawer.

And they set forth.

Oh, the happiness of this frank, unconstrained intercourse, this brother-and-sisterly companionship, tinged as it was with a subtle, salt sweetness, which charmed without suggesting danger or pain, or re-

sult of any kind! What brightness it lent to the most common details of every-day life! What interest to the talk of past or future! What piquancy to their good-humored chaff! What a rosy hue even to Tottenham Court Road, and the prosaic circumstances of Shoolbred's on a "selling off" morning!

Grace was almost ashamed of herself for feeling so well and happy after her recent grief, and rage, and humiliation. She could not account for it, and wisely did not make the attempt.

Meantime Jimmy, seeing his "darlin" young lady's painful anxiety on the subject, really bestirred himself; and on the ensuing evening brought her word (conveyed in a whisper while Maurice and Randal were arguing the question of national education), "that he thought he would be able to get her between forty and fifty pounds; and sure, that would make matters square for a bit!"

"You are a dear angel, Jimmy!" emphatically. "I only wish I could do you any service half as great."

"Whisht, now! Mr. Balfour will be hearing."

So Grace sat down to pour out the tea, with smiling lips and radiant eyes.

"Look, Jimmy dear, what sweet flowers Maurice has brought me!" pointing to a prettily-shaped basket in the centre of the table.

She had been tempted to buy it the previous day, and Balfour had brought a plentiful supply of violets and mignonette to fill it.

"They are mighty pretty!" said Jimmy admiringly, as he settled himself to his evening meal, and vied with Maurice in observant attentions to the fair president.

Even Randal, who had been much cast down and fractious, like a convalescent child, cheered up a little under his sister's kindly smile and care of his wants. She feared she had been too harsh in her righteous wrath. Heaven alone knows the exact force of each individual temptation. And supper proceeded very merrily, when an enormous ringing of the front-door bell arrested every one in their various occupations.

"Now what's that?" said Mr. Byrne, stopping, knife in hand.

He had risen to cut a slice of cold roast beef from a piece of sirloin which might have "sat for its picture," and which adorned the chiffonier.

"Can I see Miss Frere?" was distinctly heard through the door.

"Lady Elton!" cried Grace, flying to open it. "Dear Lady Elton, I am so glad, and so surprised to see you!"

"May I come in?" entering, and pausing as she crossed the threshold. "Mr. Byrne, I hope you will excuse my intruding at this hour. It must be later than I thought. I would not do so, only I want to consult Miss Frere, all of you indeed, about a matter that must be decided on quickly."

"I am sure I am proud and happy to see your ladyship," said Jimmy, placing a chair for her. "Here!" through the door, "Sarah Jane, a *clane plect* and cup, and look sharp about it." Turning again to his guest: "If your ladyship could spare time to taste a cup of tea, for the evenings are raw, and just try a bit of Béchamel turbot (it's made after a receipt of my own), or a shaving of beef, with mixed pickles, I'd be honored, and so would Mr. Randal, for it's a joint concern, as, no doubt, you are aware, my lady," he continued, with genuine warmth.

"Oh, do, dearest Lady Elton!" cried Grace, putting her arms around her. "It would be so delightful to have you to tea—regularly to tea!"

"Thank you—thank you very much. You look so delightfully cheerful and comfortable, I will gladly join the party, as you are good enough to admit me," she returned, in her soft, refined tones. "Mr. Balfour," stretching out her hand to him, "very happy to see you. You are one of the council of friends, I suppose?"

"Oh yes! quite one of us," returned Grace. "Do send away the carriage."

"I came in a cab, Grace. And you may dismiss it, Randal. I am sorry to see you looking so unwell. I think I bring you a good prescription."

"Let me take your cloak," said Randal, coloring.

"Now, my lady, just the least taste of fish to begin with."

"My dear sir, your 'taste' is a very bountiful one."

"And drawing off her gloves, Lady Elton, with her usual good-breeding, put every one at ease by making herself pleasantly at home.

"No, Grace," she said, smiling as she caught sight of that young lady's expression, "there is no use in devouring me with your eyes. I am going to enjoy this excellent Béchamel and a cup of tea, before I say a word of my business."

"Oh, I am not impatient," said Grace.

"Do you believe her, Mr. Balfour? Her eyes tell a different tale."

"Mr. Randal, hand her ladyship the bread. Mr. Balfour, the cream, if you please. That's what we call it, my lady, though I am afraid it's not much better than sky-blue."

"What a cosy party!" cried Lady Elton, looking round, and graciously accepting the dainties pressed upon her. "Do you all have tea together every evening?"

"Nearly every evening," said Grace. "Sometimes Maurice Balfour plays truant."

"Not often," returned that gentleman. "How foolish it is after all to heap up costly etceteras!" said Lady Elton, partly to herself, as she smilingly declined an additional supply of Béchamel, and even a "shaving" of cold beef. "How pretty your table looks, and how bright you all seem! But you possess two rare ingredients, which are not to be bought—youth and unperturbed nature. Nothing more, thank you! I have eaten more than I have done for weeks."

"Then, Miss Grace dear, I'll just ring for the girl to clear away; and then may be Lady Elton will tell us what it is."

"Yes, I will, Mr. Byrne."

During the operation of "clearing away," she kept Maurice Balfour and Randal in political talk, interesting them both with the tact of a practised conversationalist; while Grace and Jimmy added small touches of assistance to the "girl's" efforts.

When all was in order, Mr. Byrne solemnly placed a blotting-book, pens, ink, and paper in the middle of the table, and seating himself on one of the horsehair chairs, called every one's attention by a loud "ahem!"

"Why, Jimmy, do you think we are going to make our wills?" asked Randal.

"No, sir; but my lady here made use of the word business; so it is as well to be prepared to make memoranda or take notes."

"Quite right, Mr. Byrne. Well, to begin at the beginning, I heard some gossip at the picture-dealer's where, you know, I went the day before yesterday, Grace," continued Lady Elton, "which induced me to go and meet a certain Sir Alexander Atwell, with whom I have a slight acquaintance, at luncheon this morning. I found that he is on the point of starting for the Nile, Nubia, and heaven knows where. He is a man of some learning and a great deal of fancy, and as a brand-new baronetcy (he is the second baronet) and five, or ten, or twenty thou-

sand a year is not sufficient distinction for him, he wishes to write an ethnographical, archæological, and geographical account of his travels. For this purpose, he requires the assistance of a well-bred, tolerably well-educated gentleman as secretary; not too sharp and not too learned, lest he might pluck Sir Alexander's ears of corn before the rightful owner was ready to gather them."

"Ah!" exclaimed Grace.

"Husht! Miss Grace dear, let us hear her ladyship out," said Jimmy.

"As Sir Alexander—like most *dilettanti* dabblers—hates trouble, he is fortunately averse to making his wants very publicly known. So I ventured to offer a private recommendation. Young man of ability, not too profoundly versed in etymology—in fact, rather ignorant of its mysteries—well-born, connection of my own, with excellent manners, and keen appreciation of genius in others," a nod and smile to Randal, who began to look interested. "Sir Alexander lent an attentive ear. 'Would the young gentleman's expectations be exorbitant?' Because, in view of the great intellectual and sanitary advantages offered, Sir Alexander was not disposed to give a high salary. In short, I do not believe he will go beyond fifty pounds a year. And he proposes to make the engagement distinctly for two years, with a power on either side of dissolving it, should any decided difference arise. Finally, he has agreed to see you, Randal, to-morrow, at one o'clock. There is his card, with my name on the back as your credential. I cannot foresee how he will decide; but it is a chance for you, Randal."

"A chance indeed!" cried that young man, his cheeks glowing with reawakened hope. "How can I ever thank you enough? To leave England, and travel with a distinguished *littérateur*, as your friend evidently is—why, of all the appointments in the world, this is what I should like best. You have made my fortune."

"No; not your fortune," returned Lady Elton, smiling. "You would have had a better chance of making that at Cartwright and Co.'s."

"Do not mention that detestable shop," exclaimed Randal, with a shudder. "It was nearly the death of me."

"Oh, Lady Elton, *what* a chance! How I do hope this Sir Alexander will like Randal!"

"So do I. I suppose it is the best thing we can do."

"But in two years he will be afloat again," said Balfour, breaking the silence in which he had listened to Lady Elton's account.

"Quite true, my dear Mr. Balfour; but under the circumstances——"

"Why, Maurice," interrupted Randal, "there is no knowing what such an appointment may lead to. I may collect materials for a work myself—a poem, a novel. I may attract the notice of other literary men—I——"

He paused, as if dazed by the brilliant pictures presented by his imagination.

"I protest, Randal," cried Lady Elton, laughing, "I am almost appalled by the effect of my suggestion. Pray remember that everything is very vague; do not allow yourself to feel too sure. Go and see Sir Alexander, and *listen* attentively. He much prefers telling you about himself to hearing about you, and you will be able to get a better idea of the situation from his general talk than from any deliberate explanation. Do not expect your duties, if he agrees to engage with you, to be all delight; there will be much that is *ennuyant*."

"Oh, I shall not mind that," cried Randal.

"Well, I certainly wish you success; and now let us talk of something else. I am afraid of your eager eyes, Grace, when I think how frightfully disappointed you will be if my scheme fails."

"Dear Lady Elton!" murmured Grace, taking her hand.

"And you are coming to stay with me to-morrow? You must give her to me for a while, Mr. Byrne."

"Faith, your ladyship's house is fitter for her than a poor place like this," said Jimmy, looking with twinkling eyes at his cherished guest; "but the place will look bare and lonesome when she is out of it."

"Ah, Grace! you are a dangerous inmate, if your departure creates such a heartbreak!" said Balfour, smiling mischievously.

"Pooh, nonsense!" she returned, in a careless aside.

"I wish you would take a holiday, and come to see us in Germany, Jimmy dear," she continued. "Do you never take a holiday?"

"Well, no. Ye see at first, what with one thing or another, I never had much money to spare, and me fellow-clerks in the office just thought me a quare little Irish chap and not much company, so I was always by myself, and had no one to make a holiday with. Then I got used to

it; now it would seem out of the way entirely to leave town or the office. So you may think, ma'am — I mean my lady — the pleasure and delight it was for me to see the master's daughter and her dear children here in London; that was my best holiday."

"Holiday, Jimmy!" cried Grace; "why, we have filled your life with trouble!"

"Ah! Miss Grace, dear, isn't it a blessing to have some one to take trouble for?"

"Mr. Byrne," said Lady Elton, "your words have conjured up a picture I shall not soon forget."

The departure of Grace the following day was a bitterer trial than Jimmy Byrne, in his utter unselfishness, would have liked to tell his "darlin' young lady." To come home and find her there, always kindly, frank, real, and ready with pleasant, filial attentions, was like a taste of heaven to the tender, generous, delicate spirit which animated Jimmy's quaint little frame. And so also was the delight of preparing little surprises for her, of waiting on her, and looking up to her as a being of exalted rank and faultless nature.

His devotion to the house of Dungar reached its highest pitch of exaltation towards her. She was supreme in his eyes. Whereas even loyalty such as his did not blind him to Randal's shortcomings, and though he never would have admitted it to mortal, that young gentleman tried his patience sorely.

Now that Grace was gone, he consoled himself by muttering, "Sure it's all for the best! This is no place for her. God bless her! I couldn't expect one of the De Burghs, and an angel, if ever there was one, to be making tea for the like of me, and putting flowers on me table; ay, and brushin' me hat of a morning."

Randal sometimes went to dine with Lady Elton, and also to spend the evening with some acquaintances, to whom, after his temporary seclusion, he seemed more a hero than before. But Maurice Balfour was faithful to the little man, indulging him by listening to his long, rambling recollections of the family; and more especially of the wisdom and goodness of his darlin' young lady. And although Maurice chaffed him gently as to his utter faith in her many perfections, he never checked the flow of Jimmy's eloquence by displaying any want of interest.

Meantime the interviews between Sir Alexander Atwell and Randal gradually

progressed towards a fortunate decision. For such a temporary engagement and small remuneration, the demand was not so great as Sir Alexander expected; and having gone over and over again all the requirements he deemed essential, till Randal's patience was nearly exhausted, the great man wrote to Lady Elton that he had decided in favor of her *protégé*, and begged that he would hold himself in readiness to start in a week from the present date, as the season was already too far advanced.

This epistle of course threw Grace into a state of joyous excitement for the first half-hour; and then a reaction set in. Randal would require an outfit — and how was that to be procured?

"What is weighing down your brows, child?" said Lady Elton, as they drove back, after a fruitless attempt to find Randal, the afternoon of the same day on which Lady Elton had received Sir Alexander Atwell's ultimatum.

"Oh, many things. All that is to be done before I can get back home again."

"And principally how the money is to be found to start Randal with all he requires — eh, Grace?"

"Yes; I confess it is a little difficult; but it must be done."

"Grace, you are stupidly independent. Thirty or forty pounds will do all he wants, and I beg you will leave it to me. I can spare the money easily. I have no one but myself to think of now. Do listen. Let it be a debt. You shall give me any acknowledgment you like. But, child, you are overweighted with family cares. They will dry up your youth, and cheat you out of its joys. Come, let Randal borrow the money from me."

"You are too — too good," sighed Grace, with an expression of pain in her speaking face. "We are already hampered, and if Randal takes this money, I see no chance of his repaying you."

"Well, then, *you* shall," returned Lady Elton cheerfully.

"I wish I could. Tell me, can I do nothing to earn any money, Lady Elton?"

"My dear Grace, we will think about it. Meantime, I consider that you accept my offer."

"Indeed I do not see what else can be done, if Randal is to avail himself of the wonderful opportunity you have found for him."

"That is speaking like a sensible girl. Then, dear, the sooner he sets about his outfit the better. And by all means let him give me a proper acknowledgment of

the money I advance. I trust one day he will be quite able to pay it back."

"But the real debt — your generous, timely help — can never be repaid. And for this I am always content to be your debtor."

The succeeding days were exceedingly busy. Randal was more than himself again. He recovered looks and spirits with marvellous rapidity, enjoyed rushing from tailors to outfitters, and was in such radiant good humor that he took Grace's warnings against unnecessary expense without petulance.

"I do wish I could see the dear mother before I go," he said one afternoon, as Grace, who had been shopping with him, sat down to rest in the little Camden town parlor before returning to Lady Elton. "She will be awfully cut up about it, too." And a sad, troubled expression came over his soft, good-looking young face.

"Yes; but then she will be so pleased at your having so good an appointment. She knows you would go to her if you could."

"She ought to know that. After all, she is the only creature that really loves me," said Randal, with a slight sigh.

"Don't you think I love you, Randal?" asked Grace, a little reproachfully, though she looked kindly at him.

"Oh, you are a good sister and all that, I know. But no; you don't love me! You think me a poor, weak creature. Perhaps I am, but if you loved me, you would believe in me. I know you do not, and I am always more stupid with you than any one."

"But, Randal, you distress me," began Grace, touched by the grain of truth in his words.

"Oh, there is no use putting a fine point to it. I am a nuisance to you, and indeed I cannot wonder at it, though perhaps if you knew how I have been tempted you would make more allowance. I had such wonderful luck at first, and I could not believe when luck turned against me that it could last; so when I was hard pressed, and half maddened to think that I should be a defaulter among fellows who had seen me hold my head so high, I tried to get some from an old screw of a money-lender; but he wouldn't give me a penny without security, but said, with a sort of a devilish sneer, 'Won't your rich uncle accept a bill at twenty-one days?' I was so riled that something put it into my mouth to say, 'No; but I dare say his son will;' and then the old fellow

laughed, and croaked out, 'All right, bring me his name, and you can have what you want!' The sound of those words never left my ears till I *did* it, and then — oh, Grace, I wonder I did not blow my brains out — the twenty-one days were gone before I could think. Still the luck went against me; yet I was so sure I should win and make it right, that I went on. Then the old beggar renewed, and it cost me a lot for that; and then he renewed again, and said it was for the last time. Then I had no money to try my luck with, and I felt as if I was dying, so I sent for you."

"Randal, dear Randal," cried Grace, overwhelmed with self-reproach, and deeply touched, "I am afraid I seem cold and hard; but I do feel for you, my brother — I do indeed: only I have been distressed and worried; and I would have given my right hand rather than have asked Max. Well, there, I will never name him again, dear Randal," lifting his head and kissing his brow. "Let us be close friends and help each other; only promise — promise with all your heart never to touch a card again."

"Never for money, Grace," he said, readily enough.

"Oh, make no exceptions!"

"Why, if I was asked to make up a party at whist by my respected patron, it would not do to refuse."

"He will like you all the better for being firm."

"No — no; you must not hamper me with impossible conditions. You may trust me. I will never get myself into a scrape again."

"Heaven grant it!" said Grace, with a sigh.

There was a pause.

"Lady Elton has asked me to dinner on Thursday. Who is to be there, Grace?" resumed Randal.

"I am not sure. I am afraid Uncle Frere and Max."

"Then I am engaged. Really I must hold myself free for Sir Alexander. He said I must dine with him one day this week. There! you look as black as thunder, Grace."

"I cannot help it. It is quite as dreadful to me to meet these people as it would be to you; but even for your sake I must do it. We cannot both avoid them without being suspected."

"Well, thank God! I am going out of the country," was Randal's conclusion, spoken with such hearty content, that Grace gazed at him, astonished to per-

ceive how readily he threw off regret for the culpable act which had caused them both so much suffering.

Lady Elton had roused herself sufficiently to receive once more a small party to dinner. She had taken one of her strong, tenacious "likings" to Maurice Balfour; principally, no doubt, because of his being a messenger from the death-bed of the boy she had loved so dearly, but also on his own account. Something in the indolent but kindly ease of his manners, simple and unworldly though they were, pleased and attracted her; and she was interested in trying to discover and to display the treasure of genius and intellect which she firmly believed lay hid beneath the tranquil surface. She was anxious to introduce him to her brother-in-law, whose influence in a wide business circle might possibly be of use to her new favorite.

The party was, as has been said, a small one. The two Freres; Maurice Balfour; the cosmopolite Hungarian, who had been in Constantinople on a secret mission since Grace had last seen him in the Darnell days; an Australian explorer; and a couple of tolerably agreeable nobodies. Grace and a well-served, Anglo-Italian, much-travelled countess were the only ladies besides the hostess.

Afraid to commit herself by any suggestion, Grace prayed that she might not go in to dinner with Max, while she was dressing. It was the first time she had put on colors since her grandfather's death, and she felt a kind of disgust at their gaudiness. She wore a cream-colored dress of some soft material; a bunch of deep crimson roses in her bosom, and another in her hair; her elbow-sleeves decorated with ruffles of rich lace.

The tint and form suited her well, though she looked pale, and what color came to her cheek never stayed there long.

"That is a pretty dress, and goes very well with your hair," said Lady Elton critically. "Did you get it in Germany?"

"No; I got it since I came here. Things are much dearer at Zittau, and I shall have to appear in colors at the Dalbersdorf wedding festivities, you know — so I thought it was better to buy one here."

"No doubt. You are a prudent puss."

"Mr. Balfour," announced Luigi; and enter Maurice, looking more *mondé* in his

evening garb than Grace thought he could.

"So," he said, taking a seat by her, while Lady Elton went forward to receive Madame Manfroni and the Hungarian colonel, who arrived together — "so you seem quite a woman of the world in evening costume." And he looked her all over with his usual attentive, kindly gravity that never disturbed her or quickened her pulse.

"Not very experienced, Maurice," she said, with a smile. "I am afraid there is a great deal of the raw country girl about me still."

"Mr. Frere — Mr. Maxwell Frere," in Luigi's most impressive manner.

"I have been rather anxious to see these formidable relatives of yours," said Balfour, in the confidential tone which was usual between them. "The father is rather a solemn buffer, but the young fellow looks *distingué*."

"Here is Grace," said Lady Elton to her brother-in-law.

Whereupon Grace went forward with a smile and a blush so sweet and becoming that even Richard Frere might have been melted; and for some reason he greeted her less frigidly than usual.

"I am sorry Randal is not here," continued Lady Elton. "But he is engaged with Sir Alexander Atwell. They are both busy with their preparations. Is he not lucky to get such an appointment?"

"Monstrously lucky," returned Mr. Frere, with an air of somewhat disparaging surprise. "I was glad to hear of it."

When Lady Elton began to speak about Randal, Grace had just given her hand to Max; and feeling his eyes upon her, the consciousness of the true shameful reason of his absence filled her with painful self-abasement. Her eyes sunk under his, and a deep blush spread from her cheek to brow and throat. Moreover, she felt that Balfour was watching her.

"I congratulate you with all my heart, Grace," said Max, pressing her hand for a moment. "Lady Elton's resources are quite inexhaustible."

"She is wonderfully good — wonderfully considerate," said Grace, with a degree of hesitation very unusual to her. It was a comfort to return to her seat beside Maurice Balfour, and even to draw a little nearer to him. But Max would stand before her, and talk to her, calmly and unembarrassed, as though they never had had a stormy interview, and that so lately!

In this *mauvais quart d'heure* Balfour

was a great help. Lady Elton, who followed the Continental fashion of introducing her guests to each other, had presented Maurice to her nephew. And Max Frere was most gracious.

He was quite familiar with Mr. Balfour's name. In short, it had been a "household word" at Dungar, where he had the pleasure of knowing the rector—Mr. Balfour's grandfather, he believed. A very agreeable type of the higher ecclesiastic. A picturesque addition to the Dungar group. Did Mr. Balfour intend to make any stay in town?

To which civilities Grace listened with an odd, distrustful impatience, though admitting to herself that her cousin's manner, and voice, and words were all perfect in their way, and contrasting his finished man-of-the-world style with the natural unstudied ease of her old friend.

To her relief, just before the procession to the dining-room was formed, Lady Elton brought up the Australian, and presented him, first to Grace and then to Balfour, saying, in the first case,—

"You will take Miss Frere to dinner." And to Balfour: "No one can tell you so much about Australia as Mr. Macintyre."

Mr. Macintyre was a short, thick man, not fat, but muscular, with a red face, red hair, red whiskers, and, it seemed to Grace, red eyes.

"Ay," he said, "I have travelled pretty well over it—as much as a man may. And you'll be thinking of going there, Mr. Balfour, Lady Elton tells me?"

He spoke with a strong accent, curling up the tails of his sentences in a fashion suggestive of Glasgow.

Before Balfour could reply, the cheering sound of "dinner" set them in motion; and in the pleasant occupation which succeeded, no consecutive conversation was possible.

"Randal's defection has made my table uneven," said Lady Elton, looking round during the first pause, "and I did not find any suitable person to fill his place."

"Is not this Sir Alexander Atwell the man who had a controversy in the *Athenaeum* with Jenkins, the antiquarian, about some stones, or coins, or some such matter?" asked Mr. Frere.

"Yes. He picked up some trash somewhere, which he wished the South Kensington people to accept as genuine. He would go to the stake for it himself," returned Lady Elton.

"He and Randal together will discover a good deal in Egypt," said Max, with much seriousness.

"Egyptology has been developed almost into an exact science," observed one of the nobodies. "They say now, that after a little learning, one can read off the inscriptions as you would an article in the *Times*."

"What! those strange birds, and beasts, and things one sees on the stones in the British Museum?" asked Grace of her neighbor, the Australian.

"I wonder that learned people do not interest themselves more in the remains of Central America," said Balfour; "they are, to my mind, the most curious relics of all."

"Have you seen them?" asked Grace, who was opposite him.

"Yes, one."

"You must tell me all about it some day," she returned, at which remark Max looked up sharply from his plate.

"Well, the only hieroglyphics to be met with in Australia are of nature's writing," said the explorer; "and though practice might enable you to decipher a good many, there are plenty left to baffle one. You have some thoughts of visiting the colony, sir," to Balfour. "May I ask if you are thinking of sheep-farming?"

"No. There are some railways and other works in contemplation, and I hope to be one of the engineers."

"Have you not been in South America, Mr. Balfour?" asked Mr. Frere from his place at the head of the table by Lady Elton.

"I have."

"Did you happen to meet a man of the name of Darnell out there?"

"Darnell," repeated Grace. "Is it possible——"

"Oh, not our friend," interrupted Lady Elton; "a cousin of his, a ne'er-do-weel—at least he never seems to have got on here, poor fellow."

"Your interest in the rejected is not quite extinct, then?" whispered Max into his cousin's ear. "Grace, I believe you are a coquette."

"Yes, he was rather unsteady; but he appears to be doing well now," said Mr. Frere.

"Darnell! he was my chum in Chili," exclaimed Balfour, with animation, "and an excellent fellow; a little reckless, but full of pluck. We have stood by each other in some curious scenes; indeed, he saved my life once."

"How?" asked Lady Elton.

"Oh, it is a long story."

"Not too long, I am sure, as we are

interested in both actors," returned the hostess.

"There is nothing very exciting in it," said Balfour carelessly. "You see to be in danger was our normal condition in South America. They were a fearfully rough lot, the navvies, as *we* would call them; and the whole concern was pervaded with a 'life-in-your-hand' principle that somehow one got used to."

"Rather an unprofitable kind of employment," said Mr. Frere, with an air of looking down into an unfathomable depth of ruffianism from the awful height of his own respectability.

"No, it was not," returned Balfour with his immovable good-humored ease. "I was well paid, though I had to wait for my money, and I learned a great deal. There was wonderfully fine engineering on that line. You know, it is all through giant mountains, among superb scenery. But the spirit of man in those regions is very far from divine. We were surrounded by a collection of desperadoes of all nationalities. Indeed, the president and his prime minister were perhaps the worst of all, for theirs was a sort of intellectual devilry."

"But that does not tell how Darnell saved your life," said Lady Elton. "How were you induced to go to such a place?"

"It was partly accident. I had been employed in Spain, and the work was finished there. A Spaniard, with whom I had become very intimate, induced me to try my luck in Brazil. There I met Darnell, and we went together to Chili."

Lady Elton made another attempt to elicit the tale of Balfour's adventure, but he was not to be deluded into a long story of himself in that mixed company.

"At all events, Darnell has got himself into a good position now," said Max.

"Yes," returned Balfour; "he is partner in the firm of Denny, Calthorpe, and Darnell, the contractors."

"Is it not rather late in the season for Egypt?" asked the Hungarian, breaking a short pause.

"Yes," returned Lady Elton. "Sir Alexander Atwell has been delayed; and I believe, intends to visit Roumania, or Thessaly, or some such place, during the summer, and return to Egypt in the winter."

"What poems and rough notes we may expect!" said Max laughing, to his cousin.

And soon after the ladies retired.

"That Balfour seems to have taken up his old intimacy with you just where he left

off," said Max, coffee-cup in hand, as he sat down on the sofa beside Grace. "How long is it since you last met?"

"Five years."

"He is not a bad sort of fellow, considering that he seems always to live beyond the pale of civilization."

"No."

"Is it true, as I gathered from what he was saying to Lady Elton, that he is going to Germany — to Zittau?"

"Yes."

"Have you resolved henceforth to speak always in monosyllables?"

"I do not think of anything else to say."

"Grace, why is Balfour going to Zittau?"

"To see us, and also some German friends. You know he was for some time in Germany."

"No; I know nothing about him, except that he is a favorite of yours."

"Yes, he is — a great favorite."

Max looked hard at her, and she met his eyes calmly and firmly.

"I am very, very fond of Maurice Balfour," she said.

"I believe it, and yet, Grace, the man is only a kind of civilized navvy."

"Perhaps so. I find him civilized enough."

"Then I have no more to say, Grace. May I come to complete the family group at Zittau?"

"I know you are mocking, Max. But I would rather not."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ITALY.

PART II.

THE PEASANTS.

It has always seemed to me that the well-to-do Italian peasant must think that the world, or at least the world he sees, was made on purpose for him. The soil, with its rich harvests, is peculiarly his own. The fairs supply all his wants in the way of clothes, ornaments, and utensils; the *padrone* is there all ready to be cheated; the priest to look after his soul; processions and *festas* amuse him par excellence. When prosperous he knows no unsatisfied desire, and is so thoroughly contented with his lot that he seldom seeks to rise a degree in the social scale. However rich he may become, his habits, manners, and ideas undergo no change.

Reading and writing are arts which he despises, and never wishes his children to learn. The women are sometimes gorgeous in velvet and silk and gold ornaments; but their costume is still strictly the peasant costume. The houses are often large; for many branches of a family will dwell together in a sort of clan, and I have known seven brothers, all with wives and children, live under the same roof. These dwellings of brick with tiled roofs are long and low, with very small unglazed windows, the staircase and oven outside, and the ground floor devoted to the accommodation of the live stock. There is no attempt at adornment inside or out; more unattractive abodes can scarcely be imagined. One of the brothers (not always the eldest) is called the *vergara*, and his wife the *vergara*. This couple takes the command, and directs operations. The cultivation of the soil is of course the chief business; every season has its harvest. The corn is cut in June; Indian corn in August. Early in October is the vintage, and the olives are gathered and pressed at the end of the year. After this, and when the sowing is finished, comes a time of repose from agricultural labor, and then the women are hard at work in the manufacture of clothes for the family. These they literally grow themselves, spinning, weaving, and dyeing their own flax; the men, if industriously disposed, make baskets and straw hats. The children are set to guard the sheep and the pigs at a very early age. As for the baby, it is tied into its cradle and left to squall to its heart's content. The interior of the house is neither clean nor comfortable, but it has a certain picturesqueness. From the low-raftered ceiling hangs a goodly array of hams, and the wooden ledge along the wall is ornamented with rows of cheese made of ewe's milk, and loaves of Indian-corn bread. A happy family of dogs, cats, hens, chickens, and perhaps a pig of domestic habits, make themselves at home on the stone floor. At the loom by the window one of the women may be seen weaving; and the grandmother will be spinning or knitting by the open hearth, on which an oak branch, leaves and all, crackles and blazes. Under a large iron stewpan, where the *erba* or the *polenta* is cooking, a watch-dog lies stretched his lazy length at the *nonna's* feet, and with him an imp, rising two, will be sharing a yellow loaf. These watch-dogs perform their duty so zealously as to make country walks dangerous to the

unwary stranger. On passing a cottage, it is the custom to possess oneself of a good-sized stone ready to throw at the animal, who is sure to spring out upon you with yells; the next proceeding is to call loudly to the peasant inside to see to his dog. He thereupon beats and curses the poor animal who is doing his duty according to his lights, and informs *vostra signoria* that there is nothing to be feared — "*non dice mai niente*" (he never says anything); a statement which strikes one by its audacity when made to an accompaniment of bow-wow-wow-wow. At harvest time there is feasting and rejoicing. Ham, eggs, and wine are consumed in great quantities. During *mietitura* scarcely any one stays at home, and all other work is neglected. The harvest-home is usually celebrated by a dance, and it is at this time that marriages are chiefly arranged. The vintage is a quieter proceeding, for, although the soil is favorable to the vine, it is not so extensively cultivated as corn. For some time before the grape-gathering peasants, chiefly women and girls, may be seen guarding their vines, and forming picturesque groups beneath the festooned trees. Were it not for this precaution, all those fine clusters of grapes would disappear as if by magic — respect for their neighbors' property not being among the virtues of these Arcadians. After the gathering, wagon-loads of grapes, some as fine as any in hot-houses, are to be met, drawn by the slow oxen along the roads, on their way to be deposited in a vat with a hole in the bottom. This is placed on the top of a cask, and on it mounts a man or a boy who begins treading the grapes, the juice of which falls into the receptacle beneath. This is hard and very unpleasant work; for a swarm of wasps follow the grapes, and severely sting the naked feet which tread upon them. The sight of the muddy feet increased my distaste for the wine of the country so much, that in deference to my prejudices our wine-treaders were made to wash their feet before beginning their work — a ceremony they considered superfluous.

The feasts of the Church are strictly observed by the peasants. They are full of superstitions fostered by the priests, whose influence, fast diminishing with the upper classes, is still paramount with the peasantry. The respect is for the office — the man himself is often the object of abuse and scorn. To one whose birth is involved in mystery (and there are many), the insinuation that he is *figlio di*

prete is a favorite taunt, and is resented as a cruel insult. I have heard of a priest being waylaid by two brothers who felt themselves in need of spiritual succor. "Absolve us from our sins," they commanded; and the holy man, at first refusing to do so, was beaten until he complied. A print of the Madonna is to be seen in every peasant's bedroom; none are without some charm concealed about their persons; and scarcely one but has made a pilgrimage to Loreto to behold the house of the Virgin, miraculously transported thither by angels from the coast of Dalmatia. Every peasant returns thence with arms plentifully tattooed in memory of the consecrated spot. In all corn-fields various little wooden crosses are dotted about in order that the divine blessing may rest upon the harvest. You cannot walk a mile along a high road without coming upon a shrine erected to the Virgin, and no peasant passes the half-effaced daub without making the sign of the cross, and seldom without stopping to kneel and pray.

Babies and animals are great sufferers from the prevalent superstitions. Babies are branded at the back of the neck, and dogs on the forehead, to keep them from harm. When I remonstrated with a *contadina* for keeping her dog without water, using the only argument I thought likely to have any weight with her—that it might probably go mad—"Oh! there is no fear," she replied; "he has been branded with the *ferro di S. Antonio*, so no harm can come near him;" showing me an ugly scar on the poor brute's forehead. The utter indifference to the sufferings of animals displayed by all classes of Italians seems an anomaly in such a kind-hearted race. It does not proceed from any love of cruelty, but from mere thoughtlessness.

The feelings of the peasants are not often deep or refined. The loss of money or of money's worth is thought more of than the loss of children, of parents, or of friends. Many a time that I have passed a cottage and asked after a little child I had seen playing at the door, the mother has replied in a cheerful voice, "It has gone to Paradise;" but if one of the huge, sleek oxen should come to an untimely end, oh! then the grief is most noisy and overwhelming—men, women, and children throw themselves on the ground, tear their hair, beat their breasts, and howl as if possessed. I once came upon a peasant of my acquaintance weeping by the roadside. "I have had a ter-

rible loss, signora," sobbed he. I, remembering that his daughter had lately died of fever, began to express my sympathy. "*Ma che la friga!*" he exclaimed impatiently (*friga* in that dialect means a girl); "it was a cow!" as if I must surely understand what a much greater misfortune that was. Still there is a kindly feeling among them. I know a young woman who sold her beautiful hair in order to buy a pair of shoes for her mother, and a young man who married an old woman out of gratitude. He was a foundling whom she had tended from his babyhood. He grew a fine young man, and she an ugly, wrinkled old woman. The pair seemed ill-assorted, but there was much true affection between them. I took the mother of a family to England for six months in the capacity of wet-nurse. There, in the enjoyment of every luxury, and, what Italians prize most of all, an idle life, she pined to return to her poverty-stricken home, where food was scarce and incessant labor incumbent upon her. When near the end of our homeward journey, I asked her if she did not expect her husband and children to be at our house, to greet her after such a long absence. "Ah, no!" she replied with a sigh; "the *contadini* are not like *vossignorie*." But she was agreeably surprised by the sight of all her family on our first arrival, and the scene was affecting. Even a brother had walked twenty miles to be assured that she was still alive after a sojourn in our barbarous country, as a rumor had spread that she had succumbed to the hardships of foreign travel.

They are a civil-spoken people, and I never met one in my walks who did not greet me with "*Buon passeggio, Signora Marchesa*," or "*Principessa*," as the fit may take them, for they are liberal with their titles. On meeting a little child, it always is "*Ogni noia*," which is elliptical for "May all harm be warded off from it!" They are ready enough to enter into conversation, and often display curiosity about that strange country, *Inghilterra*, where they have heard everybody is rich. "What a fertile country it must be!" they reflect. "Surely, signora, there can be no tree without a vine in your country!" When they hear that there are neither vines nor olives, their perplexity is extreme. "Where, then, do all the riches come from?" The dialect takes some time to master; but when you know that B's and V's, R's and L's, O's and U's are convertible letters, some clue is obtained. It must also be remembered

that long tails are tacked on to the shortest and simplest words: *poco* is lengthened into *poconcino*, and for common use again shortened into *conci*; *così* is spun out into *cosintra*; *si* into *shine*; *no* into *nonni*. Their conversation among themselves is chiefly agricultural; the state of the crops, and the health of the live stock, not including the children, form the staple of it. No one is ever called by his or her proper surname; one family will be nicknamed "Gobbo," another "Zoppo," a third "Matto," for no ostensible reason, as the peculiarities indicated by their nicknames may not be observable in any one of them. Coming once upon a large party of laborers at work upon a hillside, I inquired, "Who may you be?" "Siamo Cico," was the reply, as with one voice; but the real name of the Cicos I have never been able to discover, nor is there any clue to the origin of the nickname, unless it were invented to rhyme with Trico, the appellation of a flourishing family who live in the same neighborhood, and whose real name is Biancucci. The men have discarded their once picturesque costume. On working days they wear a white smock, and on Sundays home-manufactured coats and trousers of an exceedingly awkward shape. The earrings, and the red sashes round their waists, with sometimes a knife peeping out of their folds, are all that remain greatly to distinguish them from the English rustic. But the women's attire is picturesque enough, especially in summer, when they have uncovered their stays and white chemises. The stays, sometimes of black velvet, but oftener of some more ordinary material, are laced up the back with white or colored braids. The skirt, either blue, or striped blue and red, is turned up and looped behind over one or more very short petticoats. A narrow apron of some different color from that of the skirt is always worn out of doors; indoors it is not considered necessary. Gay kerchiefs are worn across the shoulders, and folded square on the head. Enormous gold earrings and a coral necklace are considered proper adjuncts. For the height of summer a broad straw hat surmounts the kerchief, and the feet and legs are bare. On festa days they swell out their hips with an enormous number of stiff petticoats; I have heard of as many as eighteen being worn on a grand occasion. The skirt is let down, the chemise is covered with an ill-fitting loose jacket, shoes and stockings are put on, and the contadina looks as ungainly as, before, she

looked graceful. The practice of carrying all weights on the head gives a very peculiar swinging walk. A cloth rolled round in a circle is first placed on the head, and on the top of it the basket or pitcher frequently quite askew; but it never falls, and a hand is never raised to support it. I have seen women stoop to pick up something from the ground without disturbing the balance of their basket.

Land is generally cultivated on the system here called *sistema colonica*; the proprietor supplies capital, the *coloni* labor, and the profits are supposed to be shared equally; but, as a matter of fact, the *padrone* seldom gets his legitimate half, because it is perfectly easy for peasants to secretly dispose of a great portion of the produce before the division is made, especially as the landlords in general exercise little or no superintendence over their farms, but entrust that task to their *fattore*, or steward. This worthy is usually as fond of a quiet life as his master, and he and the peasants have a general understanding, which is at once profitable to both sides and conducive to peace. This may partly account for the number of ruined proprietors and of prosperous peasants. It has been said that the *casa colonica* often joins on to the *casino* of the proprietor. Sometimes it all forms one establishment, and the peasants are made useful as servants. It fell to my lot at one time to live thus in close quarters with my peasants. The family consisted of two brothers with their wives and children, and their grandfather, who, in consideration of his savings, was housed and fed. I had every opportunity of observing their manners and customs, and did not find them attractive. The women would sit on the doorsteps every Sunday morning, combing their hair and that of the children. This performance *only* took place on Sunday. It was more elaborate in operation than agreeable as a spectacle. I inquired whether they could not make it convenient to keep their heads a little cleaner. To this the *vergara* replied that she did not know what would be thought of her were she to be so fastidious; she was a respectable woman, not given to frequent dressing of the hair and such like coquettishness. The killing of the pig was considered such an agreeable and enlivening spectacle that it took place (I suppose out of compliment to me) opposite the front door. Two famished dogs continually found the means of emptying the coa-

tents of my larder, which there was always a difficulty in replenishing, as no eatable food could be found within ten miles. No one in the villages round indulged in meat unless some ox or sheep had come to an untimely end. The old grandfather was in our eyes the flower of the flock. He worked as hard as his failing strength would allow; and one day my husband, struck with compassion at his famished appearance, and touched by a way the old man had of saluting him respectfully, desired the servants to ask him in to breakfast. "Nonno," quite overwhelmed by the honor, got himself into a clean smock and a pair of boots, and, seated at our kitchen table, relieved his overburdened heart. His grandchildren, he said, treated him in a most unfeeling manner; not only was he made to work hard and not given enough to eat, but when he alluded to his savings, he was reminded that they would come in handy for his funeral expenses. It was long since he had had such a good meal, and he was much obliged to the padrone. Our relations with this interesting family ended by mutual consent, and never do I remember experiencing a greater sense of relief than on their departure. This was not the only class of peasants with whom we could not manage to get on. We found our coloni apparently humble even to servility, but in reality unmanageable. It was in vain that my husband endeavored to introduce improved methods of farming; they were strenuously resisted. The oxen had always trodden out the corn, and it got done in the course of the summer; so why use the threshing-machine? Vines had always been trained up trees grown in the midst of corn-fields; and although the corn round the tree did not ripen, and the tree itself sucked up the moisture necessary to the free growth of the vine, it was still maintained that such vineyards were the most economical. The grapes had always been gathered before they were ripe, and the wine had always been sour; but they liked it so. The cattle could work even when half starved; therefore why waste your substance in giving them enough to eat? The principal farmer on the property was the most obstinate, and his resistance was at last carried to a pitch which made a termination of his tenancy indispensable.

One day when my husband went down to the farm of this troublesome tenant, to assure himself that some orders he had given respecting the feeding of cattle

had been executed, all the male portion of the family (eleven) confronted him in a menacing attitude, each armed with a pitchfork. A. was alone and unarmed, but going up to the foremost he snatched the pitchfork from his hand; the rest then dropped their weapons, and fled. After this, the family was of course given notice to quit. They were rich, and had land of their own, therefore their ejectment caused them no pecuniary embarrassment; but many generations had lived and died in that house, and it was not without a certain feeling of commiseration that I saw the long procession of men, women, and children, with all their flocks and their herds, their wagons and their asses, laden with goods and chattels, wend their way slowly towards another home, reminding me vaguely of a Scriptural exodus. We did not replace the peasants who left, but hired laborers and cultivated these farms ourselves. This system was troublesome, but so much more remunerative than the former that we have no reason to regret having been forced into it; and it is a significant fact that we obtained the next year, not double, but *four* times the produce that had come to our share the year before. Something, of course, may have been due to better cultivation; but an improved system could scarcely, in one year, have effected such extraordinary results. Labor is cheap; for seventy-five *centesimi* a man, and for forty-five a woman, will work from sunrise to sunset through a long summer day, and many will come from villages several miles off, and return when their work is done. One hour for repose and food was demanded, and humanity induced us to prolong it during the extreme heat to two. The dinner of our laborers consisted of a loaf of Indian-corn bread, and any fruit which might happen to be in season — an apple, a pear, or a bunch of grapes; this was all. Wine is a rare luxury with the poorer class of peasants, and meat or eggs rarer still. Between these wretched day laborers, who live from hand to mouth, and those prosperous peasants who have land of their own, there is a great distinction, and a *contadino grasso* who marries one of the indigent of his own class is held to have made a *mésalliance*. I was walking once with a *contadina* whose husband was part proprietor with ourselves, and who enjoyed the proud title of *vergara*. We passed a woman who claimed acquaintance with her. This *contadina* wore a magnificent coral necklace and massive gold earrings, but her

chemise was patched and her petticoat in rags. Annunziata was moved to tears at the sight of her old friend so come down in the world. This unfortunate person was the daughter of a contadino grasso, and had married beneath her—a poor fellow who kept one pig, and inhabited a mud cottage! Many of the poorest of the peasantry eke out their living by taking care of foundlings, for whom a charitable institution provides. These *bastardi* abound, and the mystery of their origin forms the basis of many a romantic story. They are kept out at nurse until the age of twelve, when the institution occupies itself with their education and settlement in the world; sometimes they are adopted by their foster parents for good and all. I have not described the looks of our peasants. They are seldom well made; the bodies being long, and the legs short and often bandy, in consequence, I believe, of the *fascia*. But some very pleasant, pretty faces may be seen among them. Blue eyes and flaxen hair are not at all uncommon—traces, I suppose, of their northern conquerors—but the *occhi branchi*, as all light-colored eyes are called, are not prized as in most southern climes; they are lamented as an imperfection. The prevalence of such names as “Ermenegilda,” “Elminia,” “Geltrude,” seem also to tell of mixture with a Teutonic race.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALTHOUGH there is no attempt at anything which we should call society, no dinner or tea parties, no archery, no picnics—none, in fact, of our ways for “bringing people together”—yet our neighbors manage to meet and amuse themselves after their own fashion. It is a more hearty fashion than ours, and far more economical; for eating and drinking is not that necessary element in amusement with Italians that it is with us. There is always a band, often very good; and there is generally a theatre where, during the Carnival, some sort of dramatic representation takes place, and this theatre serves also for a ball-room; then there are the fairs, which make a rendezvous for all classes; and, at the risk of appearing irreverent, I must include processions amongst the entertainments. Italian amateur actors are infinitely better than English. To simulate emotion, to speak distinctly, to suit the action to the word—all this comes naturally to them. A great many are born actors and actresses, and display their talents freely

off the stage; for the exhibition of feeling is thought so proper and becoming that they feign it where they have it not. To weep at every parting, even with the most casual acquaintance, is thought a point of etiquette, and the art of pumping up tears at will is one of the first to be acquired. Knowing the amount of labor and rehearsing necessary to getting up private theatricals in England with any success, I was surprised at the facility with which the dullest and most uneducated Italian would learn and recite his part, and with what grace and effect each point would be given. He never mumbles or gabbles, or looks as if he didn't know what to do with his arms and legs, or appears to be wondering why he is making such a ridiculous fool of himself, as is the way of the English amateur. The balls are not select; even the peasants are included; and the price of admission is but one *son*. There is every variety of class and costume. Some of the ladies will appear masked; others in what they fondly imagine to be the height of the fashion; some in evening and some in morning dress, and some in a happy mixture of both. One will wear a low gown and her best bonnet; another will carry, in addition to fan and smelling-bottle, her muff. The band plays on a raised scaffolding. Musicians and dancers cannot always agree. “Do you know what it is you are playing?” is occasionally shouted from below. “Do you know what it is you are dancing?” is the *tu quoque* from above. More lively banter follows, ending, perhaps, in a quarrel. The musicians strike work; the dancers reply that it does not matter; but it ends in a reconciliation, and all goes on as before. The peasants prefer dancing in the open air. The only dance known to them in these parts is the *sallerello*. The man and woman dance opposite one another, she looking as if she must fall forwards, and he backwards. Hands are sometimes joined; but this is thought bad form by the peasant aristocracy. Two or three fiddlers play a monotonous, bagpipe-like tune, which is occasionally enlivened by a shout and a gust of song. Then an *improvisatore* will be inspired by his muse, and, like some clergymen who preach *extempore*, has a difficulty in leaving off. The energy which the peasants display after a hard day's reaping under a burning sun, seems amazing; but Italians, though sometimes averse to work, never tire of their amusements. The band plays an important part in all festivities. During a wedding it will play operatic music

inside the church; it brings up the rear in all processions; it celebrates the *Be-fana* (Epiphany) by going about, much as our "waits" do, from house to house, and, like the "waits," it is apt to become a nuisance. On occasions such as a birth, or a christening, or an electoral triumph, or the return from a journey, we have suffered much from the midnight serenade of a particularly zealous band belonging to a neighboring village.

Fairs are in force all the year round, and to them flock an immense crowd, of all classes and of all ages. The peasants are mostly bent on business. They may be seen, early in the morning, leading their cow, or their pig, or their donkey to sell to the highest bidder; and, late in the evening, they return with some newly-acquired treasure. The fine folks will go later, neither to buy nor to sell, but to meet one another, and amuse the children, who will be given *soldi* to exchange for sugar plums and toys. The fair is not always held in the market-place of the village, but in any open space that may be found available, sometimes far from any village. At a distance, what strikes the eye is a heaving, surging sea of white ox-backs; on nearer approach, many other objects become visible — mules, donkeys, pigs, sheep, goats, fowls, pots and pans, and earthen utensils, fruit and vegetables. Booths are decked out with gay-colored stuffs, with kerchiefs, necklaces, and earrings, with cheap toys and sugarplums — in short, all articles of use or luxury that the peasantry can require. The noise is indescribable. What with the lowing, braying, grunting, and cackling of the various animals — the greeting, bargaining, and quarrelling of their owners — the disorder and confusion that prevail make the threading of one's way through the crowd a difficult and dangerous exploit. Having passed with trepidation by the heels of a mule of vicious aspect, you find yourself in danger of impalement on the horns of a bull who is trying to break away from his keepers. In terror you step back upon a set of cups and saucers, whose owner does not let you escape without paying you damages three times over. Of course no seller dreams of offering his wares at less than double the price he intends to take, and the buyer would be thought a simpleton indeed were he to offer at first more than half what he means to give. Bargaining, therefore, is a long business; it begins soon after dawn, and ends at sunset. Sometimes a few recreations relieve this

stern business. I was once taken to a fair where an enterprising attempt at horse-racing had been made. There had arisen *un po' d'imbroglia*, was explained to us on our arrival at the scene of action. Two jockeys were in vain endeavoring to get started. One steed stood still and kicked; another presently bolted off in the opposite direction from the goal; and, far ahead, the winning horse was indeed galloping at full speed, but with an empty saddle, leaving behind him a cloud of dust, from which his rider was seen to emerge and straightway follow in pursuit. The game of bowls, or *boccie*, is a very favorite amusement, but is often forbidden by the authorities, on account of the danger to passers-by, who have to dodge these wooden balls as they fly from one side of the road to the other. Of that most immoral amusement (if amusement it can be called) the lottery, it is not my province to speak at length. I believe it is a great source of revenue to the government, and I know it is a great source of misery and crime to the people, in illustration of which I will tell an anecdote, which, strange as it may seem, is absolutely true.

A lady took her little boy to a neighboring fair. He was a lovely child, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a dazzlingly fair complexion. To this pair a well-dressed woman of the middle class, fascinated apparently by the extraordinary beauty of the child, approached: "I have a carriage here," said she to the mother; "may I take your boy for a little drive? I will bring him back almost immediately." The lady was young and unsuspecting; the child eager to go. He was carried off, and in vain the mother waited and watched. The stranger woman never brought back her child. The kidnapper was not a native of those parts. No one there knew who she was, whence she came, or whither she had gone. There seemed no clue to the mystery. The poor mother went more than half distracted; but the father, a man of energy and shrewd sense, succeeded in tracking his child to a village far south. Accompanied by *carabinieri*, he discovered his son in a loft, and rescued him only just in time from an awful fate. He was about to be murdered, and an altar had been erected on which the victim's blood was to spurt. The motive of the intended crime was to ensure his murderess a prize in the lottery; for a soothsayer had recommended for this purpose the sacrifice of a fair and rosy child. The ghastly

plot was invented by a priest, for what end I do not know. The priest escaped; the woman was put in prison, where she shortly died. She had not borne a bad character, and the dreadful guilt she meditated appears to have been the result of a sort of madness which the fascination of the lottery is said to bring upon its victims. Perhaps it is fair to add that this happened many years ago.

Processions, such as mark certain feasts of the Church all over Italy, have been described so often that I will confine myself to an account of one now nearly obsolete, which takes place once in three years, in a few remote villages. It is on Good Friday. At the morning function in church the whole scene of Christ's crucifixion is gone through. A life-sized pasteboard figure is seen nailed to the cross, and is taken down amidst the sobs and groans of the audience. The preacher explains and dilates upon the crucifixion in a sensational manner, gesticulating and raving in a way which seems more adapted for a theatre than a church. After sunset, the streets are all illuminated with Chinese lanterns, hung in festoons across the street, and the procession forms. The first figures are draped in long grey cloaks with hoods over their faces. Some of these drag long and heavy chains attached to their feet; others flagellate themselves over the left shoulder with chains; these are *incognito*, having some terrible sin to expiate. Stories are told of great but not good signori, arriving in the dead of night from their distant palaces, in the greatest secrecy, in order to do penance in this procession. Having flogged themselves three times round the town, they return to their homes before the village has discovered how great a personage thus humiliated himself. After these come a less weird procession in white gowns, and blue or red cloaks—all carry long tapers. Then come little children in spangled dresses, with wings fastened to their shoulders, burning incense before a hearse draped with black velvet, and surmounted by a crown, on which is laid the pasteboard figure of Christ. The hearse is followed by a procession of pasteboard figures, all life size, borne upright on wooden stands. First the Madonna in black, with her handkerchief to her eyes; then St. John, stretching forth his hands towards her; the Magdalen; and, finally, St. Veronica, displaying the handkerchief on which is impressed the face of Christ. These life-sized figures borne aloft, and tottering on their stands, have a ghastly

effect. After having paraded three times round the town, the procession enters the church, where the crucifix is now brilliantly illuminated. They range themselves around it, and another dramatic sermon takes place. On leaving the church the population proceeds to view various little shows representing phases of Christ's passion and crucifixion—Christ in the garden, a pasteboard figure kneeling, and surrounded by plants, well lighted up; Christ scourged, etc. The next morning, early, men go about hammering bits of wood, and crying out, "Come to mass, in memory of Christ's death." This is called the *tric-a-trac*.

COURTSHIP.

COURTSHIP and marriage go on of course in remote Italian villages as elsewhere; and it has been incumbent on me to assist at many weddings, and to listen to many confidences as to how it all came about; the efforts made to get settled, and the difficulties encountered, being told on both sides with engaging candor. The *pros* and *cons* are discussed openly; friends and acquaintances are asked if they will kindly look out for a young lady with a handsome *dot* for Antonio, or if they will just mention all excellent qualities of Maria to the parents of an eligible young man. The relations on both sides haggle and bargain until each side thinks it has "done" the other pretty completely. When all the preliminaries are settled, but on no account before, the young couple are introduced to one another and told to fall in love. A young lady of my acquaintance came to me for my congratulations on her approaching marriage. I gave them heartily, as she had previously confided to me that having spared no pains with her trousseau, and having it all complete, and tied up with blue ribbons, it was annoying that the *sposo* should alone be wanting, especially as her younger sister was always having offers which she could not accept; for the father was a methodical man, and would on no account have a daughter married out of her turn. Having offered the proper felicitations, "Well, and what is his name?" I inquired. "Oh, I don't know! Papa has not yet told me that," answered the bride elect.

The necessity of giving wedding presents is imposed only upon the near relations of the bride. Odes are cheaper, and many a poet unknown to fame will rhyme industriously when any young lady of his acquaintance gets married. He

will then have his effusions printed on ornamental paper, and on the wedding-day the tables are strewn with original poems, some sentimental, others facetious, and many what we English are supposed to think *shoking* (always without the *c*), and which are indeed calculated to startle one brought up according to our ideas of decorum. These improprieties are especially observable in the odes written by priests. It is thought correct to endow the bride in these compositions with every virtue and grace, but more emphatically that particular virtue or grace in which she is most deficient. Thus an ugly girl will be extolled for her amazing beauty, a stupid one for her extraordinary talents, and an ill-tempered one for her angelic meekness of disposition. The mother and sisters of the bridegroom do not go to the wedding—they sit at home to receive the pair, who do not immediately start on their honeymoon, but betake themselves first to the bride's new home, where some relations of her own will perhaps accompany her, and stay until the next morning.

A young man is but little consulted about the choice of his partner in life, and a girl is seldom allowed any voice at all in the matter. A father who said that he would not marry his daughter without her own consent, created quite a sensation by the declaration. The daughter in question exclaimed: "Now, isn't that good of papa? Perhaps it is because mama poveretta had never seen him till she married, and at first she didn't like him at all."

The peasants have a freer choice in marriage; a pretty peasant girl will change her betrothal a good many times before she finds one to her mind. "Well, and when are you going to marry Pasquale?" one inquires of Assunta, who replies: "Oh, I have got tired of Pasquale; he beat me the other day, so I have broken with him, and now I am going to see how Giacomo will suit me." By the time she does marry, neither Pasquale nor Giacomo, but Arigo, she will be very proud of the number of pairs of earrings of which she has despoiled her discarded suitors. She, too, has been working at her corredo from an early age, and will have an oaken chest full of linen for the house and for herself. She returns home after the marriage ceremony and remains with her parents for two or three days; the bridegroom then comes to fetch her home, and it is at his house that the festa takes place.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
MADEMOISELLE ANGELE.

BY ALICE CORKRAN.

CHAPTER I.

CHATEAU JOUY, on the confines of Normandy and Brittany, stood amidst its woods, some way out of the village that bore its name.

It was July, and it had rained incessantly, not for a day or two, not with cheery intervals between the showers, not with an occasional streak of sunshine jovially pushing aside heaven's door, just to assure the world that all was right, and dry weather would come yet, but dimly, doggedly, sullenly for a whole week together. It was still raining. Outside the château a trackless, uncharted sea of mud spread, in which stood crest-fallen trees, spiritless hedges, and pallid flowers. Over it the birds flew dejectedly, low-spirited horses ploughed through it, and some cows stood mid-leg deep in it, regardless of consequences. It was a limp world, that had lost all pluck and show of bravery under the drip-drip scolding of the rain.

Inside the château, the company was assembled in the hall round the log fire that burned in the deep hearth. It was a handsome apartment, hung with sober tapestries and furnished with splendid old oak. Mademoiselle Angèle de Say, the young châtelaine, was wont to draw a vivid and gloomy picture of the château to her friends in Paris, painting it as a sombre abode, buried in the woods, with a sinister northern tower haunted by a ghost; but it was, in truth, a fine mansion of no great antiquity. It was roomy, commodious, and bore in its exterior and interior arrangements the stamp of a certain stateliness and fine taste.

Whatever may have been the sombre colors in which it was the young lady's fancy to paint Château Jouy to her friends, certain it is, that when she came to it, the place was transformed into an enchanted residence, a summer palace, a centre of movement and gaiety. She filled it with her Parisian friends. She always carried a bit of Paris with her wherever she went. Walks in the morning; rides on horseback through the woods in the afternoon; music, dancing, charades in the evening, were the order of the day, and had continued till this spell of wet weather had set in.

Mademoiselle Angèle's spirit had manfully borne up against it. She had kept her guests alive by her gaiety, but now

ennui was beginning to gain upon her, and with hers their spirits were flagging. Repartees were growing flat, flirtation heavy on hand, billiards monotonous; and voices raised in song sounded hoarse. What was to be done? A vast amount of correspondence that had fallen into arrears had been made up—books and papers had been read—nothing now was left to drive back the in-coming tide of ennui. To make matters still more depressing General de Say had been called away to Paris on business, and Monsieur Eugène Dufresny, an artist of note, a gold medalist at the last *Salon*, to whom Mademoiselle Angèle had been betrothed since last spring, was also away, painting a background for a picture, at some twenty miles distance from the château.

The company assembled round the wood fire that morning were: two young married couples, the wives had been Angèle's friends at the convent where she had been educated; Mademoiselle de Lustre, her old maiden aunt; an elderly marquise, and Monsieur Henri de Chèvres, Angèle's cousin, a dapper young man with a sandy moustache and an eye-glass, who paid court to all pretty women.

"What are we to do? It is death—it is despair—it is the end of the world that is upon us," said Mademoiselle Angèle in her bright, joyous voice, looking out of the window at the dripping trees and the agitated puddles.

"But what—*enfin*—what, I ask you, did they do in the ark to pass the time during the deluge?" asked Monsieur de Chèvres, apostrophizing the window-panes.

"They had plenty of occupation, stopping the leaks, feeding the animals, arranging the conjugal quarrels of the many couples," said Angèle.

"Occupation is the destroyer of ennui. Here I am quite content, by a good fire, with my knitting. I wait for the sunshine," said Mademoiselle de Lustre, lifting her voice from the corner where she sat. Since Angèle's mother's death, the good soul had filled her place as her niece's *chaperon*. She meekly danced behind the damsel in the mad capers she was often bent on performing, following her about with wraith-like fidelity, raising the while a plaintive, reed-like note of protesting platitude.

"Mademoiselle, my aunt, you are the goddess of wisdom," said Monsieur de Chèvres, pirouetting round and making her a bow. "Minerva ought to be represented absorbed in the eternal knitting

of stockings, and ignoring all mortal ennui."

"Ah, my little aunt," said Angèle, coming to seat herself on the arm of Mademoiselle de Lustre's chair, and playing with the worthy lady's ball of worsted, "you would face eternity with complacency if you had your knitting in it. The clic-clic of the needles is like a drowsy voice repeating, 'Down with rebellious thoughts'—and all the time the stocking grows—'like a grey life of peaceful days.'"

"And tapestry—what is that like?" asked Madame de Beaumont, lifting a smiling face from her embroidery frame.

"I am asking myself," said Monsieur de Chèvres, leaving the window and twirling the string of his eye-glass, "what Dufresny is doing in this weather, off there in the wooden barn he has set up for himself?"

"He is painting a fine effect of mud, and a damp, red-nosed shepherd upon it, imbibing a horror of water for the rest of his days," said Angèle, laughing and blushing. "I can see it from this," she continued, stretching out her hand. "It will create a *furor* at the *Salon*. My portrait this year. A sketch of slush next year, with a horrid tramp trudging across it. Such are painters, everything comes handy to them."

"My niece, you only care for pretty things—you are vain. You do not like the poor because they wear rags, and are not clean to look at," said Mademoiselle de Lustre.

"I give them money. But these unwashed folk in rags—who smell of wet earth—if I were an artist—I should not choose them as models. But Eugène is a poet-painter, so, you understand, he has anointed eyes."

"You are right, mademoiselle, he is the epic poet of poverty," said Monsieur de Beaumont enthusiastically.

"He will be the epic poet of mud this year," answered Angèle. "It will be mud, as never mud was painted before. To look at it will give you an influenza."

"You ought to send a dove over it, carrying a letter, bidding him return," said Madame de Beaumont.

"My dear," replied Angèle with a laugh that did not bring out her dimples in her cheeks as usual, "people who knit and people who paint are self-sufficing. Our dove would be sent back to us, without so much as an olive-branch of greeting. But," she continued, "we might defy the weather; we might go and fetch him back

in a body, clothed in water-proofs and shod in goloshes."

"My niece!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Lustre with shocked severity.

"That would not be *convenable*," replied Angèle, shrugging her shoulders. "But in this weather—you see—one is inclined to do something out of the way—something tremendous—abrogate the laws—make a *coup d'état* or else retire to bed and stay there till the sun comes out. What *is* to be done?"

"*Vive la république!* I have an idea, but an idea!" cried Monsieur de Chèvres.

"Ah!" exclaimed everybody, looking towards him.

"Listen!" said Monsieur de Chèvres, sitting astride on his chair, and joining the tips of his fingers in a bunch. "Yesterday I went, under my umbrella, to the Mairie on business. There, while waiting for Monsieur le Maire, I amused myself looking about me: here, there, everywhere. But what attracts my attention—rivets it, what fascinates me, is a portrait—smooth as this window-pane—and shining with varnish. The portrait of a tub of a man, with a pimple on the side of his nose; a complexion of beet-root, and every eyelash painted. A tricolored scarf binding his stomach. A magisterial frown knitting his brows—the image of Justice incarnated in a grocer. *Vive la république!* say I to myself—it is Monsieur le Maire. As I say this Monsieur le Maire enters. I look at my man; I look at the portrait. Everything is there—pimple—eyelashes—bluey tinge about the lips—bilious tinge in the white of the eyes—all there with inexorable exactitude. It is Monsieur le Maire to the life! Monsieur le Maire emphasized—seen in the convex side of a spoon."

"Well!" said Angèle, as Monsieur de Chèvres paused to take breath. "But I do not see the idea yet."

"Listen, it is coming. My business accomplished, 'That is a fine portrait,' say I. 'It is the work of the village genius. I patronized him when I came into office,' replies Monsieur le Maire, strutting about like a pigeon in the sunshine. 'A right and noble thing to do,' I reply with a bow. I get out, and make my way down the village still under my umbrella. I enter the grocer's shop. In the back parlor I see a portrait of madame. The same tomato complexion, the same shiny surface; 'A fine portrait,' I say. The good people cry out, 'It is by our village genius.' They tell me his name, I forget it now."

"But the idea—the idea!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Well, here it is," answered Monsieur de Chèvres rising. "Let us have the village genius up. We do not know what to do with ourselves. Let Angèle, our beauty, give him a sitting. We shall sit round. We shall make him talk. We shall see what he can make of that graceful head. It will be a revelation in portraiture."

"He will make me look like an ancient washwoman," said Angèle.

"No, like a porcelain shepherdess, with a mouth scarce large enough to insert a pea," said another.

"I think he will give you the air of a Roman emperor," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"At any rate, I accept your idea," said Angèle. "Let us have the genius of Jouy up."

"But, my niece," remonstrated the plaintive voice of Mademoiselle de Lustre. "There is Eugène Dufresny. He has painted your portrait. What will he say?"

"My aunt, this portrait will be a foil to his. You reproach me for being vain, frivolous, it is Eugène's fault. He has made me look so pretty. The portrait of the village genius will act wholesomely on my character. It will be like seeing continually hung up before me my face, reflected in a coffee-pot. This, my good little aunt, you will admit would cure the most robust conceit, and depress the most frolicsome spirits. It will be a penance—a memento, saying: 'You will grow old. You must wear a wig—you must paint, some day.'" The elderly marquise present coughed sharply here, and Angèle paused; catching the assembly's eyes fixed admiringly upon her, she smiled with all her dimples. "When my small world is inclined to spoil me with kindness, you know, I shall have only to look up and see myself as I shall be some day."

"And mademoiselle, my aunt," put in Monsieur de Chèvres, "you understand the artistic interest of comparing what a man like Dufresny, and one like our village genius, can make of the same head."

"We are all dying of curiosity to see it," said Angèle. "We owe it to our guests, my aunt. In this weather, you see, to bring them down into the country; it is our duty to do something to amuse them. Allow me to write this minute to this unknown painter to come."

"Oh, my niece!" exclaimed the poor

lady in despair, for she knew when Angèle insisted upon anything in this ardent fashion, her little game of opposition was useless. "Then you do not know his address."

"His address! That is nothing. We can find it out. Jacques knows everything and everybody. We shall have Jacques up. Ring the bell, Henri."

The bell was rung, and Jacques, in his dark livery, imposing and quiet, appeared a minute after.

"There is a painter in the village; the people say he is a genius. We want him up," began Angèle, impetuously, to Jacques, who looked calmly puzzled.

"Pardon," said Monsieur de Chèvres, interposing. "Can you find out for us, *mon ami*, the name and address of a painter who has taken the portrait of Monsieur le Maire? He lives in the village."

A light dawned on Jacques's countenance. He remembered that Antoine, the under-gardener, had just had the portrait of his mother taken; it was a famous likeness.

"Send Antoine up," ordered Angèle.

A moment after, Antoine was there on the threshold, shuffling his feet and hanging his head.

"*Mon ami*," said Monsieur de Chèvres, addressing him in his clear, *saccadé* voice, "you have had the portrait of your mother taken?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied Antoine.

"A fine portrait, I am sure. It is like her?"

"Yes, monsieur," responded Antoine, with something of pride through his shamefacedness. "It is as like as one two-sous piece is like another."

"And the cap?"

"Oh, the cap!" said Antoine, entirely losing his timidity. "It's all there, with its pink bows and its borders of lace. Never did I see anything so natural."

"I'm sure of it," said Monsieur de Chèvres affably. "He is a great man, this painter. What is his name?"

"Ah! but, yes, he is a great man! His name is Coïc—Père Coïc; everybody knows him here."

"Coïc—Père Coïc! that is the name," cried Monsieur de Chèvres, with a gesture of triumph.

"And how much do they give him for his portraits?" asked Angèle.

"Thirty francs—fifty francs, mademoiselle. They say Monsieur le Maire gave him one hundred francs."

"We shall give him three hundred

francs," she said with decision, sitting down and dashing off a note. "There, Antoine, find out Père Coïc. Give him this. I suppose the worthy man knows how to read, as he knows how to paint. Find him out. Bring him back. We shall be at the top of the house, in the room where Monsieur Dufresny sometimes paints."

Antoine disappeared on his mission.

"Now," she continued, looking round on the company, "in what dress shall I sit to our village genius? In an *ingénue* costume—white muslin, blue sash—or in full ball attire?"

"You look a Greuze in that blue gauze with the roses," said Madame de Beaumont.

"*Va, pour le Greuze*, then," replied Angèle. "Go up to Eugène's painting-room. I shall join you there."

When Angèle reappeared in diaphanous blue draperies, two dripping umbrellas were to be seen jogging alongside of each other up the garden path.

"*Vive la république!* Here is Père Coïc!" shouted Monsieur de Chèvres, waving his hand above his head.

CHAPTER II.

It was certainly not an imposing figure that stood upon the threshold of the door a few minutes after, bowing to the company. The poor artist carried a heavy paint-box in his right hand; a woollen comforter was twisted round his neck. He was a gaunt, spare, thin-haired man, of about forty-five years of age, with bright eyes, that had a certain keenness of glance. After he had made his bow, he remained still where he was, his figure slightly bent, waiting for an invitation to enter. But there was nothing servile in his attitude; there was a look of gentle, inoffensive conceit about the humble painter. A slight fit of coughing came upon him as he stood there; and as he lifted his left hand to screen his mouth, it was perceptible that it trembled.

There had been a movement of curiosity when the door had opened, and the gentlemen simultaneously stuck their glasses into their eye-sockets. Angèle advanced a few paces, and said, with a graceful gesture, "*Entrez donc, monsieur, je vous en prie.*"

He advanced at once with another bow, half deprecatory, half self-reliant. It was apparent, as he came nearer, that he had a pinched and pallid look; that his clothes were threadbare, and were marked by that shininess of surface that betrays much

brushing. It was evident also that his composure was either assumed or the result of subdued excitement; for in his gestures there was a restrained hurry; and a slight trembling was visible. In the glances that he cast about him, there was a mixture of confidence, elation, and appeal.

"It is I who am to be your sitter," said Angèle, mounting upon the long deal box, covered with green baize, that had been placed there for Monsieur Dufresny's models.

The poor painter muttered some unintelligible syllables.

"We have seen your portrait of Monsieur le Maire, and we present you our compliments upon it—it is a famous likeness," said the accentuated tones of Monsieur de Chèvres.

A ghastly smile of pride lit up Père Coïc's face. "I heard that the gentlemen and ladies had seen the portrait," he replied.

"It is Monsieur le Maire and his scarf, to the life—especially the scarf," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"It is what I heard of that portrait that made me wish to have my likeness from your brush," interposed Angèle.

"You are very good, mademoiselle—I have down-stairs a canvas—Antoine carried it for me—of the same size as that on which I painted Monsieur le Maire—I thought mademoiselle would like to have hers taken in the same style."

"It is just what I wish; to be as like Monsieur le Maire as possible," cried Angèle, trying to steady her voice, as a stifled laugh went round the room.

"The friends of mademoiselle ask no more," said Monsieur de Chèvres with emphasis.

"Nothing more," echoed the two other gentlemen.

"I feel confident I shall make the portrait like," said Père Coïc with a grave bow.

The kindness and evident appreciation of the company were beginning to tell upon him; the nervous trembling was wearing off: the self-assurance of his bearing was becoming less affected. When Antoine came up with the canvas, he was almost at his ease.

"Yes, mademoiselle, if you will let me, I shall *poser* you," he said in reply to Angèle's request. "I have experience you see—twenty years, that counts," he went on with a little vain smile, looking about him; "half the success of a portrait is in the *pose*."

"That *pose* of the maire is magisterial," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"I made Monsieur le Maire sit well opposite to me, square on his haunches, the chest dilated, the eye fixed, it gave him the magisterial air monsieur notices."

"But poor little me, who am not a maire, how must I sit?" asked Angèle.

"There is the front *pose*, that has a good effect," said the painter. "Mademoiselle, will you have the kindness to look at me full front, that I may see the two shoulders, and the whole face, and the two hands crossed in front."

"Like this?" said Angèle sitting bolt upright, swinging herself round in an uncompromising, full-faced *pose*, grasping her two hands tight upon her knees.

A titter went round the company, the humble artist joined in. "Ah! no, that is not the thing—it does not suit mademoiselle—something more in character, more graceful, with sentiment. Try, mademoiselle, there is a *pose*, ah! a *pose* the ladies like, the tips of your two fingers against your cheek, the head bent, just so. Pardon me, allow me, the elbow just a little pushed away, and the face a bit turned; there, there, that is it."

"Oh! yes, it is perfect!"

"It is sentiment itself!"

"If you could only see yourself," cried a chorus of voices.

"Is it not graceful?" said Père Coïc with innocent satisfaction. "There is but one little thing wanting, a flower for mademoiselle to hold between the tips of her fingers."

"A gilly-flower, let me send for a gilly-flower," cried Monsieur de Chèvres.

"I must ask these ladies and gentlemen to have the goodness not to look now; when I am satisfied, when I feel the portrait is good, a likeness, I shall show it to them." An expression of disappointment showed itself on the various faces, and for a moment rebellion was threatened, but Angèle insisted that her painter should be obeyed.

"We can talk," she said to Monsieur de Chèvres. "We may question Monsieur Coïc. He may perhaps tell us some of his experiences as a portrait-painter."

"Certainly—and I have experience," answered Père Coïc, with humble vanity. "Listening to talk gives animation to the face of the sitter. Monsieur le Maire talked all the time."

"And so for twenty years you have been taking portraits about here, my good man," began Monsieur de Chèvres, in his quality of spokesman.

"Yes, monsieur, for twenty years, more or less. They have come for miles about Jouy to me. It is always, 'Take my portrait, Père Coïc'—that's how they call me. Then the next question is, 'How shall I sit?' They always ask me that. For the men, the front *pose*—that is the one that suits them, for if they have a chain, or a pin, or shirt-stud, you can also show them off like that."

"Like Monsieur le Maire's chain," said Monsieur de Chèvres, sweeping his hand across his chest. "That was a *chef-d'œuvre*, that chain—unmitigated chrome yellow, every link of it."

"You are very good, monsieur; but, if I may say it, every one admired that chain—it was the marvel of the neighborhood. Then for the ladies. The *pose* they like; it is the attitude mademoiselle has chosen. It suits them."

"But the grocer's wife—she, for instance—her *pose* was well in front," put in Monsieur de Beaumont, when the stifled laughter behind allowed him to speak.

"Ah, yes, that one was. You see, monsieur, some like to have their whole face painted—their two eyes, and the two corners of their mouth; while in this *pose* you see only one eye and a bit of the other. That's the objection to it."

"They like to have the worth of their money," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed the artist, joining in the laugh that went round. Père Coïc had never felt more at his ease. His heart expanded towards these kind and pleasant folk. He painted rapidly, laying his color in even sweeps, as if he were tinting a door panel, with his head on one side to judge the effect of his work. When he left the château he was happy. He walked over the mud as if wings grew at his heels. A grotesque smile of happiness twisted his lips. As for Angèle, she appeared so beautiful to him, that even in thought he felt afraid to raise his eyes to hers, and as he went he muttered to himself, "*Comme elle est belle! comme elle est belle!*" and it is I who am chosen to present her on canvas to the world!"

The next day the rain was still falling, but the painter was punctual at his post. There were traces of special adornment in his apparel—an extra tinge of shininess discernible in his threadbare coat, and he wore a plaid necktie he had bought at the village fair; in his hand he carried a nosegay of homely flowers, wet with the rain, which, shuffling up with a bow

of clumsy gallantry, he presented to Angèle. There was a blundering shyness in his address. She seemed to him even more beautiful than she had done the day before, and he felt afraid to look at her. Again he petitioned that his picture should not be looked at that day, and Angèle ordered that he should be obeyed. She took him under her protection, she was very kind to him, she flattered him—she managed him with such admirable tact that his heart uncoiled like a snail out of its shell after rain. After a while his tongue loosened. The poor artist chattered of himself—life had been hard at the first start—the neighbors had not appreciated him; and, with a contraction of his features that did duty for a smile, he rubbed his chest and said it had been *servée* in those days.

"But now the neighbors look up to you as much as they do to Monsieur le Maire?" said Angèle.

"Yes, mademoiselle; so they do. They are always in and out of my house. When I have finished a picture, it is quite an event in the village; if you heard the good people, it is Père Coïc, Père Coïc, on every tongue."

"You ought to be in Paris, my friend. You ought not to be buried here. It is the portrait of the president you should be doing," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"Monsieur, you are very good," answered the painter. "It has long been my wish to be in Paris. As you say, only a few good peasants know me here; but now, perhaps, that I have done mademoiselle's portrait, it has been a good chance for me, for you know hanging up in mademoiselle's *salon*, her friends seeing it, may wish to have theirs done by the same person. That might well be. Then, monsieur, I would come."

"You would make your fortune, with a *furor*," said Monsieur de Beaumont, sending his voice above the subdued hilarity of the company.

"I am timid. I am not accustomed to high society," answered Père Coïc, with a feeble wriggle of his wasted frame.

"Ah! an artist like you can hold up his head with any one," said Angèle.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," answered the poor painter, his worn hands trembling with emotion, and his eyes filling. "I said that yesterday to myself, coming up here, for you see, *j'avais peur*, I have a cold, and that helped to take the courage out of me. Then, I had never been inside a château. Monsieur le Maire had only a butcher's shop, so my heart was

beating. But all the time I walked up I repeated to myself, 'Jean, you are an artist. Artists have been at the court of kings,' and the thought gave me courage as though I had drunk a glass of wine."

"Père Coïc, you are, without exception, the most extraordinary man I ever met. You ought to have a statue erected to you on the Place," exclaimed Monsieur de Chèvres.

"And who knows? There may be one yet," answered Angèle, letting fall a smile on the poor artist that made him feel as if he were already mounted on the pedestal of the proposed memorial.

He painted on in silence.

"I am dying with impatience to see the portrait," said Madame de Beaumont.

"To-morrow, I think I can show it," answered Père Coïc. "It must be smoother. My pictures when they are finished are always so smooth."

"And shining!" put in Monsieur de Chèvres.

"Oh, yes, they shine well!" said Père Coïc, with a complacent smile.

"Like a well-varnished pair of boots," suggested Monsieur de Beaumont, making a motion with his hands as if he were using the blacking-brush.

Something in the accent caught Père Coïc's ear; he quickly glanced with a slight flurry about him.

"It is not the varnish, but the soul that makes them shine," said Angèle.

Père Coïc laughed with the rest at the young lady's joke, but tears rose in his eyes. *She* believed in him. When he reached home he sat in his shabby room, with her portrait before him, doing nothing. The hours passed, and still he did nothing. He threw back his head, with his eyes closed, his poor pinched nose up in the air, he let the afternoon slip, smiling and muttering to himself. Always Angèle was there before him, throning aloft in her blue draperies, and always appearing to him so lovely that even in thought he dared not lift his eyes upon her.

CHAPTER III.

"Now these ladies and gentlemen may look at the portrait," said Père Coïc, after having worked a while on the third day. "If mademoiselle will remain where she is, they may compare the copy with the original."

It was a hideous, flat, brick-colored thing, the company were invited to inspect. There was a pause. The ladies suffered agonies in their efforts to look grave. Some remained still gazing at it;

others put their handkerchiefs to their mouths. The gentlemen surveyed it through their eye-glasses.

"Bravo! bravissimo! it surpasses my expectation," said Monsieur de Chèvres, breaking the silence.

"I am relieved!" said the poor artist, with a radiant countenance. "It is always an anxious moment when I show my pictures for the first time. But mademoiselle inspired me."

"That is evident at a glance. Those eyes. That hair! They are those of Venus herself; of the Queen of Love," asserted Monsieur de Beaumont, laying his hand on Père Coïc's shoulder.

"I think it is beginning to come," replied Père Coïc, with humble vanity, turning round with a smile.

"Beginning! my friend. It has come. I vow it is a portrait once seen, never to be forgotten."

"It smiles well, does it not?" said Père Coïc, complacently gazing at his work.

"It smiles divinely," cried Monsieur de Chèvres, gathering his fingers into a bunch and blowing them open with a kiss.

"What I admire most are the eyes, they are so blue," put in Madame de Beaumont, in a thin voice of frightened laughter.

"Mademoiselle's eyes are the true ultramarine tint. I used it almost without white," answered Père Coïc.

"But the eyelashes—were there ever such eyelashes!" said Madame de Beaumont.

"They are heavier than mademoiselle's—but long lashes, on the lower lid especially, do well in painting," said the artist.

"It is the privilege of art to add beauties to nature," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"Not in this case," said the poor artist, shaking his head and making a deprecatory bow.

"I hope monsieur is giving me the beautiful rosy tint of Monsieur le Maire—plenty of crimson lake in it," said Angèle.

"Exactly, you would not know one from the other. A vermilion complexion!" answered Monsieur de Beaumont.

"Strawberries and cream. The strawberries predominating well," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

Père Coïc cast an uneasy glance over his shoulder at the speaker.

"It is a little too red for mademoiselle. I shall soon work the pearl tint in."

"I beg you will not—that would spoil

all. I wish it to be the same as Monsieur le Maire's — a *pendant* to his," said Angèle.

"It is a *pendant* — it is the counterpart!" cried several voices.

"Not the counterpart; Monsieur le Maire was Justice, mademoiselle is Grace," said Père Coïc with a bow to Angèle.

"You have said it; in the catalogue of your works, there the two pictures will be labelled, Justice and Grace;" said Monsieur de Chèvres.

The company tittered, and Père Coïc gave a wintry smile.

"The portrait is developing the mien of a Roman emperor; your delicate, aristocratic nose, mademoiselle, has the impressive hook of the eagle," remarked Monsieur de Beaumont, still examining the picture with his eye-glass, and drawing in the air an exaggerated curve with his finger.

"You find the nose too long?" said Père Coïc, passing his brush over the painted feature; then with a feeble effort at self-assertion he screwed up his eyes and ducked his head on one side; "I do not think so. I find it is quite mademoiselle's nose."

He looked round, and saw the laughter on all the faces; he quickly glanced towards Angèle with a perplexed appeal. She was laughing. His eyelids quivered, he grew somewhat pale. Soon the chorus took up the whispered strain again — he could hear the titters and distinguish some phrases. "The eyes look like French plums. What doleful reminiscences of leeches the eyebrows bring!"

"The hair would make the fortune of a pomatum, if the picture were copied as an advertisement."

"The chin looks like a slice of cheese."

"There is a decided inflammation on the top of the nose."

"Is it a chilblain?"

"I *must* see it — I cannot wait another minute," cried Angèle.

"I should like to know mademoiselle's opinion," said Père Coïc faintly.

She jumped down. "Oh, mon Dieu!" she exclaimed with a gasp. "What a nose, and what a tangle of hair! A love-sick eagle wearing a wig."

Père Coïc looked at her when she resumed her seat. She was agitated with suppressed merriment. He worked aimlessly on, now painting desperately, here and there all over his picture — not saying a word, his lips drawn, a slight moisture on his brow.

"That is a famous bow of ribbon on my shoulder," remarked Angèle when she could trust her voice.

"It throws Monsieur le Maire's scarf completely into the shade," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

The painter laid down his brushes, rose and faced them.

"I see it now, you are mocking me," he said, in a voice shaking with emotion. "You have been mocking me all the time — it amused you to invite me to your rich house to laugh at me. Perhaps I don't know how to paint — as the rich understand painting — but the poor like my pictures. I have earned my bread honestly by them, these twenty years. It was not I who asked to come to your château — it was you who sent for me. *Eh bien!* I think it is an unworthy act to send for a man to make a butt of him because he is *un pauvre*."

He stopped abruptly; in turning he stumbled blindly up against the easel. For a moment he paused, grasping it to support himself. Then he began hurriedly with trembling hands to gather together his painting materials.

"But you misunderstand. It is nothing less than a *chef-d'œuvre*, this portrait. You must finish it," said Monsieur de Chèvres.

"I shall not finish the portrait. I am not mistaking you," answered Père Coïc in muffled tones, not pausing in the task of gathering together with half-impotent hands his paints and brushes.

"Well, here is the money, my friend, all the same, as if it were finished, but at least leave it with us, as it is," protested Monsieur de Chèvres, to whom Angèle had passed her purse.

"I shall neither take your money nor leave you my picture," said the artist, suddenly rising from his bent posture; "for you see, I had rather not have a crust to put into my soup than accept the means of having it from those who mock me and my work."

"But that is not fair," cried Angèle. "I want my portrait. I shall never have another opportunity of being represented with that commanding nose and those languishing eyes."

During Père Coïc's closing words the door had opened and a man had paused on the threshold in the act of entering. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, clad in a velveteen suit, with leathern gaiters reaching to the knees. His complexion was aglow with the freshness of the wind and rain, and his eyes were bright. A

dark beard covered the lower half of his face.

He looked for a moment at the scene before him: the gaunt man gesticulating with arm uplifted; the well-dressed crowd of men and women around him; Angèle enthroned aloft in blue, garlanded with roses. Some one caught sight of him and exclaimed, "*C'est Dufresny enfin.*" Then followed the hubbub of greeting. The new comer at once made his way to his betrothed, who had risen dimpling and blushing to receive him. He held her hand in his. "My dear Angèle," he said quickly, under his breath, "this is cruel. Do you not see he feels it?"

During the exchange of salutations Père Coïc once more had turned, and stooping down blunderingly resumed the packing up of his paints and brushes. In his confusion he had squirted a tube of oil-color over his fingers, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"You are a painter, my friend. I have heard some peasants who sat for me speak of you. I, too, am a painter. Let us shake hands!"

The humble artist darted a suspicious glance upward at the speaker. He met the manly mildness of the dark eyes bent upon him, and he half unconsciously let his hand slip into the one outstretched; as he felt its strong and gentle grasp close over his, the tension about his mouth relaxed, and a moist appeal came into his eyes.

"You see, monsieur," he said, "I know how to paint the poor, but I do not know how to paint the rich."

"That is because we artists can only paint those who sympathize with us," answered Dufresny, with cordial emphasis. "If we and our models do not understand each other, we are stupid before them. We are all astray. Other people do not understand this, but we *know* it. We *must* have sympathy."

"Ah, monsieur, how true that is — how true!" mumbled the poor painter. "Ah! you — you understand; you are an artist. But all the same they have hurt me."

"You should not let them hurt you," continued Monsieur Dufresny, in those heart-stirring tones. "What do they know about art? What do they understand of its difficulties, of the labor the honest painting of a bit of ribbon or a flower represents? You must mind *me*, my friend, who am a brother artist, and I tell you I admire you for what you have achieved, unaided. There is not one here

— myself included — who would have had the pluck and work in us to do it."

"You are very good, monsieur," said the artist, a sob dilating his chest.

"Now I shall walk home with you. You shall show me your pictures," went on Dufresny, shutting the paint-box with a snap, at whose lock the shaking fingers of Père Coïc had been vainly fumbling.

They went out together, Monsieur Dufresny carrying the clumsy box, Père Coïc following with the portrait.

"I think," said Mademoiselle Angèle with *staccato* accentuation, "considering how little we have had of Monsieur Dufresny's society latterly, he might have remained with us to-day."

"It shows he has a good heart, my niece," said Mademoiselle de Lustre, looking up from her knitting with a flurried brow. "You laughed at that poor artist; he has gone to console him. He has a good heart."

"Dufresny is a Don Quixote! *Vive la république!* He is a Don Quixote!" cried Monsieur de Chèvres, waving his hand above his head.

From Temple Bar.

CRIMEAN TOWN LIFE.

THE Crimea is a land rather of the past than of to-day; a land of memories rather than of passing events; a land whose period of activity and importance is past, whose time of decay and torpor seems to have come.

To England it is a land of memories at once sad and heroic, memories of some glory gained, many great names brought to light to be enrolled forever on the lengthening scrolls of fame, and of much priceless blood and young life spent to very little purpose.

To the world in general it is the historic Tauric Chersonese, the land of fabled darkness, whence the dread Cimmerians sallied forth on their errands of spoliation and slaughter; the land of the Scythians, a colony of the Greeks, a kingdom of Mithridates the Great; another region for the hordes of Genghis Khan to sweep over and hold subject, until in time it passed from his successors to the khans of Turkey, from whose feeble grasp it was half wheedled, half wrested by Russia, beneath whose rule it has, like the Caucasus, decreased in population and in fruitfulness.

Once, in old days, the Genoese settlers

at Kaffa, making use of their favorable position, carried their trade overland even to far Kathay, and made the name of the Tauric Chersonese known far and wide in the world of commerce.

To-day, save for its salt and hides, a small quantity of lambs' skins of a peculiar kind, some wine and less petroleum, and for the grain trade that passes through it from the Azov, the Crimea is scarcely known.

The people who dwell in this land are a mixture of many nations: relics of different races so blended as to have lost all national characteristics; though amongst them one race at least, the Nogay Tartars, claim as pure a lineage as any race on earth.

Colonists of many nations dwell amongst the people of the soil: Greeks, Germans, Bulgarians, and Jews; but their numbers grow small year by year, as the hated compulsory military service forces them to emigrate, while the conditions under which foreigners can obtain land in the Crimea are not such as to attract fresh comers.

But the business of the present article is not with great matters, such as the politics, or ancient history, of the land, but rather with the quiet home-life of a land once great, but now forgotten.

In an area of about eight thousand square miles there are not more than eight considerable towns, and of these Sevastopol is a ruin, where all the buildings, save the churches, have been tumbled headlong by shot and shell—a ruin which derives any importance it possesses not from its magnificence but disused harbor, but from the graveyards which lie around, filled with the dead of other lands. Nine years ago, gutted houses were still unpaired, the streets were tenanted by gaunt, long-haired swine, half-starved curs half wild, and hawks and blue hen-harriers, who fought for the offal in the deserted streets.

Since the days of the Genoese, Theodosia has come once to the surface as a fashionable bathing-place, but since then Livadia, the summer home of Russia's empress, has drawn the bathers from Theodosia to Yalta, while the papers of to-day ring the knell of Yalta's prosperity when they tell us that Livadia the palace is to become Livadia the educational establishment; and since the grape cure was like Bath waters, rather a fashion than a reality, the days of Yalta may probably be said to have passed when the days of its patroness ended.

Yenicalah is tumbled-down ruin, where a few score of Greek lighters dwell, and if the bar of Kertch were ever effectually dredged away, would probably lack inhabitants altogether. Simpheropol and Karasu-Bazar I know, alas! only by hearsay. The first is the capital of the province built with a view to its work as such, and with that work its importance begins and ends. Karasu-Bazar is the manufacturing town of the Crimea, with a large population, chiefly Asiatic. Eupatoria has still some small share of prosperity, thanks to her salt, and her mud-baths. As seen from the sea she presents nothing but a bleak shore whereon a forest of windmills takes the place of trees. Kertch remains, the town with the oldest history and best-built houses in the Crimea. Here then on Mithridates Hill let us take our stand, and look out upon the every-day life around us. Kertch is a town of considerable external pretensions; seen from the sea with her mosquito fleet at her feet, and her streets growing from the base half-way to the summit of the hill that forms the background of the view, she is a comely little city enough. Round her outskirts roll long lines of round-topped hills whence many a chief has been exhumed to be conveyed (all that remains of him) to the museum at St. Petersburg. The old hill on which the town is built must have been (if antiquaries will forgive the term) rather an old rubbish heap than a natural excrescence of the earth, for deep down in its centre people still dig up broken pottery, and other antique refuse, in such quantities as to preclude the possibility of their having got there by accident. Up the face of the hill goes an immensely broad stairway of ancient moss-grown stone, a relic of long-past grandeur. At the foot of the stairway is a broad square surrounded by good stone houses, and sweet-scented acacias, while farther seaward is the bazaar set round with less odorous drinking-dens, whence day and night come the maudlin strains of the drunken *ishvoshchik*, or the cracked notes of the singing-girls.

The bazaar, or public market, is a collection of roofed stalls, in which most of the buying and selling in every Crimean town is done. Hither in the morning, the peasant women, in short petticoats, with huge long boots, wrinkled by wear and weather into all unwieldy elephantine shapes, come in to sell their wares. Hither the long-haired Ivan, red-bearded and pink-shirted, comes to sell the grebe he shot yesterday, or the fish he took in

the straits by last night's toil. Here when their goods are sold Ivan and Macha, simple souls, get drunk on their earnings at the little stall where "Uncle Stepan" sells the potent *vodka*, nastiest and cheapest of spirits. Here a few hours later you will find them in loud-tongued strife, but though the noise of it is great the storm is not a dangerous one, and in a few more hours they will both be peaceably asleep on the broad of their backs by the wayside. You think the police will move Macha or Ivan. Yes, if they are in the way, but otherwise they may crack a joke on them, though it must needs be an old one, and let the sleeping dogs lie. All day long the bazaar is loud with the shrill voices of quarrellers of both sexes, but blows never follow the oaths, unless a Tartar or a Greek be mixed up in the row; then there is a bright flash of steel and murder is done in the broad daylight. In the morning when Ivan and Macha have slept off the effects of their carouse, no sense of shame takes hold of them; on the contrary, a glow of self-gratulation at the memory of the good times they have had possesses them, and they trudge home to lead a hard, early-rising, thrifty, but ye gods! what a slovenly life, until the accumulated kopecks shall warrant another spree.

Hither, too, Katia the young housewife comes in the yet early morning, when the fishers are just in from the sea, and their glistening spoils are still lively on the fishmongers' carpets of brown matting. Over her head a modest shawl is tied, under her arm is a vast basket, and in her hand she grasps tight the rouble or rouble and fifty kopecks which is to buy the day's provisions. Day by day she gets all she wants for herself, not purchasing through another or laying in a store for the week, but rather looking forward to the marketing as a pleasant exercise for her keen wit and shrewd tongue. A smart little woman of business is Katia and loud of tongue to boot, as all Russian women are in the drawing-room as in the bazaar, in the higher circles as much as in the lowest. Our Katia has an accurate knowledge of prices, ay, and of the individual character of every shopman she deals with as well, but in spite of it all I doubt much if she ever gets the best of a bargain. Every rascal in the bazaar is prepared for the haggling match that takes place with each successive customer, and if our housewife goes away with a purchase obtained for one-half the first price

demanded for it, it is only because the vendor rather more than doubled the price in the first instance to allow for the reduction he knew must follow. This evil habit of bargaining for everything falls heaviest on strangers. Here in the bazaar all the necessaries of the kitchen are to be found spread out before the housewife's eyes, and as all the shops are open and close to each other, a vigorous and noisy competition for custom goes on which distracts the purchaser but prevents exorbitant charges. In reality every article of food except groceries is extraordinarily cheap here, but those are as extravagantly dear; the only really bad time for the kitchen in Kertch is about Easter, when there is such a glut of lambs in the market, that for weeks nothing else is killed, and the whole town has to subsist on abominably gelatinous mutton of the tenderest age.

Her marketing over, Katia trots home up the flight of stairs to her eyrie on the hill, a low, whitewashed, stone house, to which she has to pick her way over a road without a bottom and some feet deep in mud. If we follow her we shall see how she lives. The door opens into a long corridor, where two or three pots of cactus are filling the whole place with the abundant glory of their scarlet blossoms. The rooms open off from this corridor and display interiors bare of paper, innocent of carpets, and not over-crowded with furniture. The walls are in places hollow, and contain apparatus for heating the house of a most efficient and economical nature. A fire lighted in these Russian stoves will so heat the walls that a fire on the next day will not be needed. The heat too is evenly distributed, so that the inhabitants of the house are not obliged to scorch their faces whilst the cold freezes their spines as in England. But the bright red coals are hidden, and flickering flames and hot ashes lend none of that glow of beauty and coziness to Russian interiors, which in England makes the whistling of the bitter wind and dripping of the eaves only so much music to enhance the feeling of comfort indoors.

In Katia's house, too, all the windows are double, and throughout the four months during which the waves below are bound in the iron grip of frost, those windows are never opened to let in a single draught of the sweet and piercing fresh air. The ordinary Russian house would not be popular with children; there are no banisters to slide down, for the best

of all reasons, there are no stairs and no upper story for them to lead to if there were.

All the rooms then are on the ground-floor, and most of them have doors opening into each other. The central room, the reception-room, is as unlike an English drawing-room as any one room can be unlike another. There is very little furniture—a piano, sofa, a dozen chairs and only one table. Fancy, ye gentlewomen of England, a drawing-room with only one table! No need of careful navigation here. Though the floors are polished, they are bare. There are no loose mats and other abominations to slide away with you over the slippery surface as you enter the room. All the chairs are stiffly set against the wall, and if there is one picture in the room it is only a portrait of the czar. There is, it is true, a gaudy brass frame with a wonderful representation of some saint of the Greek Church, deep sunk in it, with a floating taper ever burning in the chain-suspended silver vase before it, but this is the *eikon*, the household god. No pretty trifles which at home mark a woman's presence here meet the eyes. Crewel-work, china-painting, water-colors, embroidery, even novel-reading, have little or no place in the lives of Katia and her class. Opening out from the drawing-room are the dining-room, where the family generally lives, and the bedrooms, which on fête-days are opened and furnished with little tables of green cloth, to do service as gaming and smoking rooms. Not that you may not smoke in any room in the house. *Au contraire*, that ash-pan and cigarette-case on the drawing-room table are expressly laid there for the use of visitors, and Katia would be cross indeed if she omitted to press a visitor to help himself and "light up" before launching on the topics of the day. The offer of a cigarette is as sure a prelude to conversation in the Crimea as a review of the week's weather is to one in England. Many people will agree with me that the Crimean opening is not the worst.

There is no library in Katia's house, probably there are not a dozen books in it all told. Neither she nor her husband reads much. There are a few papers at the club, and a library of two or three hundred volumes in the town, and this with the reading evenings which her friend Marie Feodorovna gives in the winter, suffice for all her literary wants. There is perhaps a nursery, but let me pay my lady friends of the Crimea a high

compliment: in three years spent amongst them I never discovered where it was, saw a cradle, or heard an infantine war-whoop. There is rarely a garden to the houses; what flowers the Malo-Russ owns are either in his balcony or at his garden out of town. There is a small yard at the back of the house where Katia's husband keeps his pointer and she keeps her one pet, a half-tame starling who year after year comes to build in the little red wooden *chalet*, at the top of a clothes-prop, which Katia has erected for his benefit.

Returned home from her shopping, our little friend does more than order the dinner; by the help of Pacha, the crone, who is her slave of all work, she cooks it, and when Ivan Ivannovitch comes home to dinner at two, the *zakowska* (appetizer) of raw herring and garlic, the cabbage soup, and boiled meat have all been not only bought but prepared by his handy little helpmeet.

And now Katia's time has come. After dinner she has done with house and husband and all other worries for the day. Arrayed in the latest fashions of Kertch, she sallies forth for her afternoon "constitutional."

Fashions arrive somewhat late in Kertch from the shores of the well-dressed outer world. I well remember the first ulster that appeared in the Crimea earned for its owner the sobriquet of "the man in the bed-gown," and many an hour of ridicule; yet three years later, the *jeunesse dorée* of Kertch could hardly be prevailed upon to relinquish their ulsters under the heat of a June sun.

Still Katia is by no means a badly-dressed young person. Gloves from Paris, boots of excellent home make, and a costume that (whatever its shape) is neat and stylish, set off her fine figure and buoyant carriage to advantage, while she is in herself as thoroughly coquettish and *sans gêne* as it is ever given to womankind to be. Now and again too, as fashion's cycles whirl round, Katia is in the race, and thanks to the very slowness of her pace, being a whole lap behind in the race of fashion, appears for a time to lead.

Katia is not rich enough for a droschky yet, so she flits along on foot through ill-paved streets, catching a glimpse of the still, blue straits, flecked with a hundred sails, as she winds down the hill to the main town below. Here she turns still seaward, and, passing under the white flower wreaths of sweet-scented acacia which

bloom over every *trottoir* and are the sole adornment of every back yard, she reaches at length what the good folk of Kertch call proudly their boulevard. This is a raised terrace on the edge of the sea some forty yards broad by three or four hundred long; I speak merely from memory, but I fancy I am not far wrong. A few seats, a dozen acacias, a lemonade-house in the middle, and at one end (a separate establishment) a casino with good dancing-room — such is Kertch boulevard, the theatre in which most of the love scenes and social comedies of the little town are enacted. The place being raised above the level of the adjoining ground, fenced in with a parapet, all who strut upon its tiny stage are kept in full view and pass and repass before their audience continually. Here fashionable Kertch passes most of its time: from noon till midnight in the summer, and even in the winter the winds rarely sweep so bleakly over it as to find no responsive flutter in a fair pedestrian's robes, or the long fur *shouba* of some half-hibernating gallant from fortress or *laager*. Katia is a married woman now, so one might suppose that she visited the boulevard more in the character of audience than actress. Not at all. Matrimony provides the belles of Kertch at least with a free pass to the realms of unlimited flirtation, cigarette-smoking and *préférence* — a game of cards much affected in Russia, not altogether unlike whist, with the element of chance considerably increased. As Katia reaches the boulevards, half a dozen gallants, ranging from gymnasts just finishing their course to grey-haired officers who remember the Crimean War, leave their lounging-places and surround her.

On the boulevards every one knows every one else; and owing partly to the free and easy style of Russian society, the custom of addressing men and women by their Christian names, and chiefly to the narrow limits of the little world in which all life is here confined, the scene on the boulevards is rather that of a huge family party in their own garden than of the public promenade of a large town. Every one is smoking, men without exception, and married women for the most part. The astonishment of a foreigner on seeing a well-dressed woman, apparently a lady, and certainly a stranger to him, bowing to him and asking to be allowed to light her cigarette from the hot ashes of his, may be imagined, but there is nothing *outré* in such an action here. While

Katia and her friends flirt and chatter on the boulevards, or stroll thence up the main street and through the square, up and down which, between rows of shops and in the most uninteresting of surroundings, the equipages of the wealthy whirl by, let us follow her and take a glance at the people on wheels. These are for the most part wives and daughters of officers from the fortress, or the wealthiest of the merchants. The wheels all roll beneath one pattern of carriage, the familiar *droshky*, enlarged and beautified with paint and fur wrappings beyond the standard of that of the local cab-driver, but still to all intents and purposes the same vehicle. Two ladies lean back in the victoria-shaped body of the carriage facing the horses, and opposite sits a cavalier, his long legs straitened and confined beneath the narrowest and most uncomfortable of seats. On the box sits the driver in black velvet waistcoat, with a skirt like a toga, and holes instead of arms through which the full pink sleeves of his shirt appear. Round his waist is a gaudy sash, and on his head the square cap of Poland. His team (or *troika*) is driven three abreast, at a canter, the head of the shaft horse looking straight in front of him, the heads of the other two looking perpetually back at their tails. One other species of carriage may be seen, but this is a one-horse affair, and used only for sport or business. This, the *linaika*, is a mere seat on wheels, astride of which you sit facing the horse, the driver sitting in a similar position in front of you. In Kertch there are no drives outside the town, the roads being often impassable and never bearably good. Few if any equestrians are to be seen, and no one thinks of driving himself. In fact, I fancy beyond a machine for locomotive purposes, the horse is an unpopular animal in southern Russia, though he is cheap beyond all reason (£10 to £15), and, though small, extremely good.

And now as the evening wears on, the boulevards are filling rapidly. Dozens of uniforms, naval and military, have mixed with the increased crush of millinery. In Russia men who have a right to a uniform seldom possess a suit of mufti, or if they do they never wear it, hence ball-rooms and public promenades are great gainers in color and picturesque effect. It is the half-hour of assignations, and these kept, the various groups will begin to move off along the main streets, and if as you follow in the stream, you raise your eyes, you will find all the balconies and veran-

dahs filling with gay costumes and smart uniforms, while merry laughs and saucy jests lead you to believe that simple though the evening meal of tea and fruit and biscuits may be, there is considerable contentment therewith. Here, in the atmosphere of the *samovar*, the arrangements for the evening are made, and hence the different parties flock away to the Crown Gardens or Casino as the case may be. The Crown Gardens is the chief and almost only place of amusement for the people of Kertch, and deserves a word of description. A wilderness rather than a garden, it is full of sweet-scented things growing in wild luxuriance, little troubled by gardener or pruning-hook. In the spring and summer it is a rare haunt for the naturalist, for here first will he see the gorgeous colors of bee-eater and roller, and here and here only will the gold and black of the oriole flash on his delighted vision. Here in autumn come the hares, woodcock, snipe, and here too the hawfinches and buntings, with their numerous enemies of the hawk tribe, abound in winter. Here too it was once our luck to watch for a long morning the quaint manners of the little bittern (*Ardea minuta*) while climbing or rather running up the almost perpendicular branches of a large tree. The last of all the birds of nature's fashioning to turn Blondin, would, you might imagine, be the little bittern, and yet in spite of his long legs, wader's feet, and heavy, badly-balanced body, he runs and does bird gymnastics as easily and safely as a tomtit or wryneck. But, as may be supposed, our little friend Katia does not go to the Crown Gardens to study natural history; on the contrary, like most of her countrymen, she sees little of nature and cares less for it. But there are in the Crown Gardens a ball-room, a supper-room, and endless dusky avenues, where sweet words sound all the sweeter because perhaps even her lax morality tells her they should not be spoken, and so night after night she walks or drives out there and then comes slowly home by moonlight to stop with her half dozen companions at the Tartar cookshop in the main street, where for a freak they sup on Tartar *shusliks*, or availing herself of the free-handed hospitality of her people, she walks into the first of her friend's houses she comes to, and announces her intention of supping there. Formal dinners or entertainments of any kind are extremely rare in Kertch, but these scratch supper parties and extempore teas are

matters of daily routine. Supper over, perhaps some of the party stroll off again to their beloved boulevard, where, if a chance visitor should stray he might be astonished to find himself far from being the only person who cares for a stroll in the wonderfully bright moonlight by the sea. Indeed, at two in the morning he may many times see a large audience of both sexes listening to the mellow voices of the crew of one of the boats from the gunship, as they row over the waveless bay, going on board after a jovial night on shore. As the voices die away, night takes hold of Kertch at last, and the full canine chorus breaks out, with which the nocturnal hours of the city are cursed. So Katia is seen safely home, for the streets are not always safe here, in spite of the noisy *storoz* (night watchman), whose clattering cudgel and raucous voice disturb the night, and if she thinks at all of her day wasted, it is only because it is Friday, and to-morrow being Saturday, the boulevards will be like a tulip garden, with the gaudy dresses of the Jewesses whose fête-day it is, and to whom for the day the favorite promenade is yielded in much the same spirit in which the native in England retires from his most favorite haunts on the intrusion of "Arry" the tourist.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.*

THE "Life of Whewell" by Mrs. Stair Douglas has been favorably received, as it deserved to be; and many of us who knew him as one of the chief figures in Cambridge society twenty years ago cannot fail to be thankful for the volume, and for the materials which it contains for completing our knowledge, by the admission which it affords to his family and inner life.

Mrs. Stair Douglas herself touches upon the weak side of the volume when she tells us, in the introduction, that it was originally promised that the domestic and academic correspondence should be edited by Mr. Aldis Wright and herself, and that "in consequence of the pressure of other engagements Mr. Wright has unfortunately found himself unable to fulfil this promise." Undoubtedly a sketch

* *The Life and Selections from the Correspondence of William Whewell, D.D., late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.* By Mrs. Stair Douglas. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square.

from the hand of one of the late master of Trinity's academic contemporaries would have been of great value. We feel in reading the volume that this side of the portrait is the one which is chiefly defective. It seems too late now to repair the defect; at all events the experience of the past clearly indicates that it is not likely to be repaired.

It has been stated by a writer in the *Saturday Review* that several persons might, within the knowledge of the writer, have been found who would have been willing and able to supply that which is lacking in Dr. Whewell's life. I do not know what source of information the writer may have had, and I feel some hesitation in controverting a statement made by one who seems to be so familiar with the subject upon which he writes; nevertheless, as having been much mixed up with the arrangements made for publishing Whewell's remains, I may venture perhaps to express with some confidence a doubt as to the aid required having been so easy to find. Without troubling the reader with details which would not interest him, I may state that I was engaged, at the instance of Dr. Whewell's sister, for some months in correspondence with a number of his friends who seemed to me either capable of doing the work themselves or suggesting those who were capable. The result of this correspondence was, that eventually it was arranged that the work should be divided. Mr. Todhunter kindly undertook to examine the scientific remains, and prepare for the press such portions as he deemed suitable for publication — a task which I venture to think that every one who has studied his two volumes* will consider to have been most skilfully and conscientiously performed; while the family and social side of the picture was undertaken by Mrs. Stair Douglas. My experience at the time when this correspondence took place, and all that has occurred since, lead me to the conclusion that, whatever may have been the reason, the competent man for the task which Mr. Aldis Wright was to have performed, and was prevented by other engagements from performing, was not forthcoming.

I need scarcely say that I am not going to attempt in a short magazine article, even if I had the requisite qualifications,

* Dr. William Whewell, late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. An Account of his Writings, with Selections from his Literary Correspondence. By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

to supply what is lacking in Mrs. Stair Douglas's volume; but owing to the circumstances to which I have referred, I have taken so much interest both in Mr. Todhunter's two volumes and in the third which has lately appeared, that I feel impelled to jot down a few notes concerning one of the most remarkable men whom I have had the privilege of knowing.

A controversy used to exist in Cambridge as to the proper pronunciation of Whewell's name. He was described in a newspaper article as a man whose name it was more easy to *whistle* than to *spell*; and in practice the pronunciation was somewhat various, some saying You-ell, others Woo-ell, or perhaps rather Whoo-ell. On a public occasion, when he recited his own name, I remember that his own pronunciation corresponded nearly to the last of these three, which therefore I presume may be regarded as the correct rendering of the name.

The account of Whewell's boyhood and youth, which we have now in an authentic form for the first time, represents him not merely as brave and strong, and endowed with a marvellous power of acquiring knowledge, but also as pious and steady, gentle and affectionate.* The gentle side of his character has never had justice done to it before. We in Cambridge for the most part saw the strong side, and very strong it was; rough, too, sometimes, as strong things are apt to be; and we were much tempted to think of him as the giant who might tread upon us if we were in his way — as the man to be feared and respected rather than the man to be loved. It is a delight to find in the letters contained in Mrs. Stair Douglas's volume, abundant evidence that his heart was of the gentlest, and that his power of loving was most abundant; and if his character had, as his warmest friends would not deny, its rough and rude side, it is pleas-

* There is a delightful reminiscence of Whewell's boyhood, contributed to Mrs. Stair Douglas's volume by his distinguished Lancaster contemporary and school-fellow, Professor Owen: "The rate at which Whewell mastered both English grammar and Latin accidence was a marvel, and before the year was out he had moved upward into the class including my elder brother, and a dozen more of the same age. Then it was that the head master, noting the ease with which Whewell mastered the exercises and lessons, raised the tale and standard. Out of school I remember remonstrances in this fashion: 'Now, Whewell, if you say any more than twenty lines of Virgil to-day, we'll wallop you!' But that was easier said than done. I have seen him, with his back to the churchyard wall, flooring first one then another of the 'wallopers,' and at last public opinion interposed. 'Any two of you may take Whewell in a fair stand-up fight, but we won't have more at him at once.' After the fate of the first pair, a second was not found willing." A grand picture this of a brave and strong boy.

ant to find that no one knew it better than himself. In the elegiac verses which he wrote on the occasion of the loss of his first wife are these touching lines : —

Blessed beyond all blessings that life can embrace
in its circle,
Blessed the gift was when | Providence gave
thee to me :
Gave thee, gentle and kindly and wise, calm,
clearseeing, thoughtful,
Thee to me as I was | vehement, passionate,
blind : —
Gave me to see in thee, and wonder I never
had seen it,
Wisdom that shines in the heart | clearer
than Intellect's light.

The softening process, which was the result of exchanging college rooms for a wife and a home, undoubtedly had a most beneficial effect upon his character; and those who knew him in the latter part of his career, after his second marriage, could not fail to be struck by the increase of gentleness, which home influence, combined with Christian principle and self-discipline, had been able to produce. Some characteristic letters which passed between Whewell and Archdeacon Hare on the subject of temper appear in Mrs. Stair Douglas's volume: it is remarkable that Hare should have been bold enough, and should have had sufficient confidence in his friend, to venture upon a warning on so delicate a subject, and it is gratifying to observe that the warning was kindly received; but I refer to the letters, because I think they afford evidence that Whewell was not fully aware of the effect sometimes produced by his manner and behavior. He writes: "In the friendship which dictates the warning I rejoice; but I do not much believe in the alleged fault. I think the charge arises from those who have no intercourse with me. I have every reason to believe that those who have to do with me do not think me 'ruffled,' and do not find me more vehement than what amounts to firmness." The truth probably is, that he did not always calculate the weight of his own words and manner; but that he needed Archdeacon Hare's caution few Cambridge men of his time would deny.

Passing away from this question of infirmity of temper, and rejoicing that through the medium of Mrs. Stair Douglas's volume the really gentle substructure of love and tenderness has been brought into prominence, and will remain as the permanent representation of Whewell's character, I will offer the reader a few

remarks chiefly founded upon my own recollections.

When I was a young man in Cambridge, Whewell was in the prime of his powers. His "History of the Inductive Sciences" was published while I was an undergraduate; and I remember him well in the university pulpit, when he preached his course of sermons on the "Foundation of Morals." I have always thought that the appearance of Whewell in St. Mary's, was one of the most impressive that I have ever seen; his commanding person, his grand brow, his massive head, the very impersonation of physical and mental strength—it is difficult to conceive a more noble picture. Some of his friends had, I think, represented to him that his sermons had in them too much of moral philosophy and too little divinity; and it was perhaps in consequence of this that he chose for the text of his concluding sermon those words from the Book of Job, "Suffer me a little, and I will show thee that I have yet to speak in God's behalf."

There was some talk of Whewell becoming a candidate for the Regius Professorship of Divinity; but he knew his own tastes, and estimated his own fitness for the office more accurately than those who advised him to the step. No doubt he could have filled the chair of divinity with dignity and with a certain kind of success—as indeed there was scarcely any science for the chair of which he could not have fitted himself on short notice; but the bent of his mind was not towards the fathers, and theological controversy would have been most distasteful to him. Neither would he have made the study of divinity popular in the university. He felt, I imagine, that his election would have been a mistake, as it undoubtedly would.

The first professorship which he held, and by holding which he made his mark upon the science committed to him, was that of mineralogy. His memoir on the geometrical treatment of crystal forms was considered by some of his friends as the very best of his scientific contributions; and it had undoubtedly the merit of being the foundation of the system of crystallography developed by his eminent successor in the chair, Professor Miller. He held the professorship for only four years.

Speaking generally it may be said that Whewell was not really great as a mathematician. There are indications in his writings of a certain rude strength, but

he had not the true mathematical instinct; he had no taste for the more refined methods of modern analysis, and so far as I know he made no real mathematical advance. The history and philosophy of science were more practicable to him; he took a keen interest in watching the course of science, and in certain branches, especially that of the theory of tides, he attempted to make contributions; but any addition to our physical knowledge which he may have made bears no comparison with the greatness of his mental endowment, and must not be taken as a measure of the man. The phrase, invented, I think, by Sir David Brewster, according to which science was his forte and omniscience his foible, is one which must not be taken too strictly. Doubtless he extended his thoughts and studies over so wide a field that they could not fail to be sometimes deficient in depth and thoroughness, but it is not true that in any proper sense of the word he had a great scientific gift.

Neither was he great as a college tutor or lecturer, or as a writer of books for the university; he had not the temperament which made him sympathize with his pupils and they with him; he had not the peculiar gift of imparting knowledge easily and agreeably; and his books were very hard and crude, and totally devoid of elegance. I may add that he was not great as an examiner; he did not sufficiently consider what the examinees were likely to know; nor did he take sufficient pains to put his questions clearly, or to make them exact. On one occasion, when I had the honor of examining with him, the adjudication of a prize, which hung doubtfully between two candidates, depended ultimately upon their respective successes in Whewell's papers; whereupon it appeared that both the one and the other, though able men, had been able to accomplish so little — the result for each was, in fact, so near zero — that after careful consideration he could not determine that one was better or worse than the other. "There is not enough," said he, very emphatically, "to form an opinion."

Nevertheless, every one felt in those days that Whewell was our great Cambridge man; people might peck at him, abuse his books, find fault with his temper, and what not, but every one honored him and felt proud of him. When the mastership of Trinity College became vacant, in 1841, by the resignation of Dr. Wadsworth, there was an almost, perhaps

I might say quite, unanimous feeling in Cambridge that Whewell was the right man, almost the only possible man, to succeed him. It has been hinted that his marriage with Miss Marshall brought him under the notice of influential patrons, and facilitated his appointment. Such, however, was not the belief in Cambridge; there was a quite predominant feeling that he and no one else must be master, and Sir Robert Peel was not the man to disregard a feeling, with the existence of which I know that he was made well acquainted.

As master of Trinity he was the prominent feature of the university till the day of his death. He was not the best mathematician, nor the best scholar, nor the best divine; nor was his judgment always that which the majority of the members of the university chose to follow. He exhibited occasionally sad defects of temper, and with many he was no favorite; but there was no one who, on the whole, could be put in the same class with him for intellect and industry and force of character combined. I may add that his hospitality and his geniality as a host left nothing to be desired.

An anecdote illustrative of his singular readiness in expressing his thoughts was told me by Dr. Cartmell, the late master of Christ's College. Dr. Cartmell, when vice-chancellor, met the master of Trinity one afternoon, and falling into conversation with him concerning the University Commission, which had then been recently issued, expressed his opinion that it would be an advantage to the university if Dr. Whewell would commit to paper his views upon a subject which was then so interesting to all its members. Whewell said he would think about it, and went for his afternoon ride; that same evening, at about seven or eight o'clock, there arrived at Christ's College lodge an elaborate paper which the master of Trinity had composed.

He always appeared to me to be a good, because a genuine, conversationalist. He did not indulge in the monologue, but, as a rule, listened patiently to the person with whom he conversed, and was content to take turn and turn about. Sydney Smith wrote from London: "When are you coming to thunder and lighten amongst us?" The simile was witty, as Sydney Smith's sayings usually were; and there was lightning in Whewell's conversation, as well as audible thunder sometimes; but the former was generally more notable than the latter, and the abundance

of his resources was so great that upon almost any subject he seemed to be able to argue best, and to know most, in any company in which you chanced to meet him.

Sometimes, Johnson-like, he would knock his enemy down with the butt-end of his argument. He demolished a notable Oxonian brother, reputed to have a temperament similar to his own, with whom he was maintaining a discussion upon Gothic architecture, with the following weighty sentence: "I studied architecture under Rickman—a man who never expressed an opinion upon a subject unless he felt assured that he thoroughly understood it."

A story used to be told of him, that on one occasion he was engaged in argument concerning a subject, in discussing which his antagonist took his stand upon a certain article in an encyclopædia, from which, in fact, he appeared to have gained the greater part of his knowledge. The discussion was somewhat shortened by a quiet remark dropping from Whewell's lips: "Yes; I wrote that article." I remember to have had a somewhat similar experience on a small scale. Speaking to him concerning a certain term used in mathematical language, I was surprised to hear him say, "I invented that term;" and he referred me to the memoir in which it had first been used.

Whewell's mind was essentially argumentative. He had a great fear, not I think always groundless, lest young men, in reading mathematics, and adopting the algebraical methods of modern times, should use those methods too much as a mill for grinding out results, and should substitute them for reasoning, instead of employing them intelligently as aids to the reasoning faculty. "Men rush," he would say, "to differentiation on the slightest provocation." My own opinion used to be that he pushed this view too far, and that if he had had his way, Cambridge studies, in the success of which he took such a constant and lively interest, would not have been helped, but hindered; he would have been glad, as far as possible, to reduce all demonstrations to a Newtonian form; I doubt whether he ever completely enjoyed the modern application of mathematical analysis to physics, still less mathematical analysis for its own sake. He seemed to think that a result was not thoroughly reasoned out, unless you could, as in a proposition of Euclid or a lemma of Newton, see right through it from beginning to end; his

mind seemed to have preserved something of the old Cambridge feeling, which, by idolizing Newton's methods, retarded for years the progress of English mathematics. He was unable to gain much acceptance for his views, but it cannot be denied, that if mathematics be regarded simply as mental training, the danger which he feared is a real one, and the warnings which he gave so abundantly are not to be altogether despised.

The same tone of mind manifested itself in all his conversation, his sermons, his speeches. Even in an after-dinner speech on a public occasion, I have heard him, as chairman, reason out the whole question of after-dinner speeches almost in the form of a syllogism. "When a number of persons are met together on a social occasion, it is necessary that some one should express the thoughts and feelings which they have in common, and which have brought them together." That was the major premiss. "I appear to be the person upon whom the duty devolves upon this occasion." That was the minor premiss. "Accordingly I will proceed to submit to you a series of toasts." That was the conclusion. He appealed to reason, even in the case of his horse. I was riding with him one day when his horse became somewhat fidgety; instead of using such language as horses seem to understand, Whewell looked down at his beast, and said sternly—"How can you be so absurd?"

This hard, argumentative quality of brain was, however, compatible with the coexistence in his mental constitution of a decidedly poetical vein. It was not merely that he obtained the chancellor's medal as an undergraduate, and that he wrote sonnets and elegiacs, and held strong opinions concerning Wordsworth; but his whole soul was full of poetry, and his chief work, the "History of the Inductive Sciences," owes much of its charm to this feature of its author's mind. Sir John Herschel, if I am not mistaken, in the critique on the history, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, called attention to the dramatic form in which the progress of science had been chronicled. We have the prelude of a certain epoch, then the epoch itself, then the sequel. Doubtless the history of natural science is not the field in which we should expect to find much room for the development of the poetical faculty; but the readableness of Whewell's book—and for my own part I regard it as specially readable—is, I think, very much due to

the possession by the author of a share of that gift which makes a poet. I do not know whether the collection of elegiacs, which he composed when in seclusion, after the death of his first wife, and which are contained in Mrs. Stair Douglas's volume, will be regarded as any indication of poetical power; he had, I may observe by the way, a great belief in the adaptability of English to hexameters and pentameters, in which, perhaps, not many Englishmen share; but certainly, as an indication of deep feeling, and as a proof of the indomitable activity of his mind, which must always be doing something, these verses are very striking.

Whewell's heart was very much in the study of moral philosophy. He held the professorship for many years, and may almost be said to have founded it. Before his time the chair bore the name of casuistry. I believe it was accepted by Whewell, with the express condition that casuistry should be interpreted to mean moral philosophy; and the formal name of the professorship is now moral theology, casuistical divinity, and moral philosophy. I do not venture to express a judgment upon the results of Whewell's studies, as contained in his published volumes; but I imagine that these volumes will not rank with his work on the inductive sciences.

His Bridgewater Treatise had great popularity for many years after its publication, and is not yet, I suppose, quite out of date; but his most popular work was one which was published anonymously, "The Plurality of Worlds." His name might as well have been printed on the title page; *ex pede Herculem*; no one had ever much doubt as to the author; if they had, it would have been dispelled by an appendix which soon appeared, in which the author set up all his critics in a row and knocked them down like ninepins one after another. I venture to prophesy that this volume will long find readers; not because it appears to me convincing, quite the contrary; but the question of the habitability of the planets and the condition of their inhabitants, if any, is one of those which is sure to crop up from time to time, which can never be conclusively answered, and in discussing which it is almost impossible that "The Plurality of Worlds" can ever cease to be an element.

This remark leads to the more general question which must necessarily occur to the mind of all those who knew Whewell, or who have known about him — will his

name and his works live? Certainly he will not appear so remarkable to those who follow him as he did to his contemporaries; his grand form and presence, and all that is connected with the living man, have passed away, and will not leave even that amount of mark upon the sands of time which has been left by some notable characters. Neither will his name be associated with any special discovery in science or otherwise; nay, even his *magnum opus*, the "History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," is not only open to criticism as to the principles upon which it is based, but also from its very nature is liable to be superseded by other works, written by those who came after the first historian and philosopher, and who have the benefit of his previous efforts. The growth of science during the past half-century has, in fact — as we well know, and as we may learn more particularly from Sir John Lubbock's late presidential address at the jubilee meeting of the British Association — been so prodigious, that a history written in 1837 must even now be well nigh out of date. Nevertheless it must not be too hastily assumed that the work which Whewell was able to do has been without permanent fruit. In the first place, when he wrote his greatest work, he was probably the only Englishman who was capable of conceiving the work, or of carrying out the conception; certainly there were not many who had the intellectual grasp or the industry necessary to success. Then again, as was remarked by Sir John Herschel, whatever may be thought about this or that portion of the book, it undoubtedly left the subject in a very different position from that which it occupied before. The tree of knowledge received a shake from the hand of a giant, and a quantity of ripe fruit fell, though much was left behind. In fact, the principle of Whewell's efforts seems to be well indicated by the colophon which he adopted for his works, and the motto which he took from the old Greek game; he handed on the lamp; he gave his knowledge to others in order that they might give it to those who should follow in the intellectual race. And though his actual books may become antiquated, as probably they will, still it may well be believed that they will have had an effect in settling the foundations of scientific knowledge, which will be long felt, and will be of permanent value when the volumes themselves have ceased to be generally read. In this respect there may possibly be some analogy

between Whewell and his great philosophical predecessor whom he so much delighted to honor. Bacon has produced an effect upon scientific thought which no one would care to measure by the amount of actual reading which his works receive: doubtless the great chancellor's writings have a vitality, as proved by recent editions of his works, which Whewell's cannot be expected to manifest; but the spirit of Bacon is far more vital than his printed books, and it may be that the impulse and the direction given to scientific and philosophical thought by Whewell's writings may have an influence upon men's minds deep and permanent, and not to be adequately measured by the sale of his printed works.

HARVEY CARLISLE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM GOETHE.

RULE OF LIFE.

WOULDEST thou be a happy liver,
Let the past be past forever!
Fret not, when prigs and pedants bore you;
Enjoy the good that's set before you;
But chiefly hate no man; the rest
Leave thou to God, who knows what's best.

LIFE THE SCHOOL OF MANHOOD.

A noble man may to a narrow sphere
Not owe his training. In his country he
And in the world must learn to be at home,
And bear both praise and blame, and by long
proof
Of contest and collision nicely know
Himself and others, — not in solitude,
Cradling his soul in dreams of fair conceit.
A foe will not, a true friend dare not, spare
him;
And thus in strife of well-tried powers he
grows,
Feels what he is, and feels himself a man.

KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.

No man fears men, but he who knows them
not;
And he who shuns them may not hope to know
them.

THE WISDOM OF LIFE.

Use well the moment; what the hour
Brings for thy use is in thy power;
And what thou best canst understand,
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

PATIENCE.

Nay, don't lose heart; small men and mighty
nations,
Have learned a great deal when they practise
patience.

LIES.

Would you tell lies to cheat the people? No!
I'm a plain man, and tell you plainly—No!
But if you will tell lies, cut a broad slice
With a free hand, and don't be over-nice!

THE GOLDEN AGE.

My friend, your golden age is gone,
But good men still can bring it back again;
Rather, if I must speak the truth, I'll say
The golden age of which the poet sings
In flattering phrase, this age at no time was
On earth one whit more than it is to-day;
And, if it ever was, 'twas only so,
As all good men can bring it back to-morrow.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis no doubt pleasant
Ourselves with our own selves to occupy,
Were but the profit equal to the pleasure.
Inwardly no man can his inmost self
Discern; the gauge that from himself he takes
Measures him now too small, and now too
great,
Only in man man knows himself, and only
Life teaches each man what each man is worth.

QUARRELS.

When two men quarrel, who owns the coolest
head
Is most to blame.

GOOD SOCIETY.

Reader.

What means this rabble of low people here —
Quack doctor, juggler, beggar, gondolier?
Hast seen no good society, that you
Should waste good verse on such uncultured
crew?

Poet.

Oh yes! your good society, in the mint
Of courts 'tis coined, and very well I know
it;
So fine and featureless, it leaves no hint
For smallest touch of nature to a poet.

SELF-LIMITATION.

The smallest man may be complete, if
he confine his activity within the natural
range of his capacities and dexterities;
but even superior talents will be obscured,
defeated, and destroyed, if this indispen-
sable instinct of self-limitation is wanting.
Mistakes arising from this defect will
come more and more to the front in modern
times; for who shall be able to satisfy
the demands of an age, living under the
stimulus of a constant high pressure, and
the excitement of a hot spurred progres-
sion?

THE WORLD, AND HOW TO USE IT.

Live with the world whoso has nerve
To make the world his purpose serve;

But, if you leave your lofty level
To do the world's vile command,
You were as well to let the devil
Keep all your gear in hand.

CONSCIENCE AND ACTION.

The man of action has no conscience in
the moment of action; only the observer
passes a severe judgment.

PROPHETS.

Who spouts his message to the wilderness
Lightens his soul, and feels one burden less :
But to the people preach, and you will find
They'll pay you back with thanks ill to your
mind.

MONUMENTS.

The marble bears his name, and tells his story.
But you'll forgive me, if I hint the truth :
You gild the monument in honest sooth,
Not for his honor, but for your own glory.

ENVY.

Envy must be : e'en let her feed her grudge !
Truth will shine out, when time shall be the
judge ;
'Tis an old use that hath been, and will be,
That where the sun his liberal light may throw,
The heat comes with it, and the grass will
grow.

YOUTH.

Who may be proud ? the young : for why ? the
pride
Of life is theirs, and Time is on their side.

DIVIDE ET IMPERA.

Divide and rule, the politician cries ;
Unite and lead, is watchword of the wise.

SLANDER.

Go north and south on German ground,
Eastward and westward wander,
Two nasty things you'll find abound —
Tobacco-smoke, and slander.

UTOPIA.

Your lazy loon, if dainty pigeons
Up to his mouth well roasted flew,
He would not taste them, no, not he,
Unless well carved and served up too !

PERVRSITY.

An ill-starred devil is the man,
Who will not do the thing he can ;
And what he can't, with blind ambition
Will do, and works his own perdition.

TO-DAY.

To-day, to-day, only show valiant face,
And you have gained a hundred days of grace.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

In still retreat a thoughtful talent thrives,
But in the stream and current of the world
The character grows strong.

SECRECY.

Your purpose told to others, is your own
No longer ; with your will once set at large
Blind accident will sport. Who would com-
mand

Mankind must hold them fast by swift surprise.
Nay, more ; even with the strongest will we
fail

To do great things, crossed by a thousand
wills

With petty contradiction.

RICHES.

Every one who knows to use the wealth
which he possesses, has enough : to be
wealthy is a cumbrous business, unless
you know how to use your resources.

GOD. INNATE IDEAS.

There is a universe within,
The world we call the soul, the mind :
And in that world what best we find
We stammer forth, and think no sin
To call it God, and our God, and
Give heaven and earth into his hand,
And fear his power, and search his plan
Darkly, and love him, when we can.

THE INFINITE.

Wouldst thou with thy bounded sight
Make survey of the Infinite,
Look right and left, and everywhere,
Into the finite — you'll find it there.

TOLERATION.

The *Pater noster* is a goodly prayer,
That helped poor sinners out of many a scrape :
And if one prays it *noster Pater*,
Well, let it help him in that shape !

FREEDOM.

Man was not born to say — *I will be free* ;
No higher good a noble man may wish,
Than with a loyal heart to serve a prince
Whom he respects and honors.

OBEEDIENCE.

A noble master all may well obey
Whose word convinces, where his will com-
mands.

ORIGINALITY.

You're a disciple of no school,
And own no living master's rule ;
Nor have dead men in Greece or Rome
Taught you things better learned at home ;
This means, if I am not mistaking —
You're a prime fool of your own making.

GOD.

No ! such a God my worship may not win,
Who lets the world about his finger spin
A thing extern : my God must rule within,
And whom I own for Father, God, Creator,
Holds nature in himself, himself in nature :
And in his kindly arms embraced, the Whole
Doth live and move by his pervading soul.

THE DIVINE PROCEDURE.

How?—when?—and where?—the gods give
no reply;
What they will do, they do: nor heed your
Why?

THE BIBLE.

I am persuaded that the Bible will always appear to us more beautiful, the more it is understood,—that is to say, the more we comprehend that every word in it which we take up in its universal significance, and apply to our own case, had always an immediate and peculiar application connected with the circumstances out of which it arose.

CHANCE.

That which in the enterprises of human beings transcends all calculation, and which is apt to show its power most precisely when human nature is lifting itself most proudly—what men call CHANCE—this is just GOD, who in this incomprehensible way invades our little sphere with his omnipotence, and disturbs our grandest plans, by the intrusion of what to us is a mere trifle, but to him is part of an all-embracing bond.

GENUS IRRITABILE VATUM.

I know him well; not hard is he to know,
Too proud to mask himself. You see him
sink

Into himself, as if he held the world
In his sole bosom, in himself complete
A compact world, and all around him else
Vanished in blank indifference. It may rise
Or fall or float at large, no whit cares he—
When lo! all in a minute, as when a mine
Fires at a spark, at touch of joy or sorrow,
Anger or whim, he breaks into a flame:
And then what he would grasp must own his
hold,

And all things be that he thinks ought to be,
And in a moment to his wish must rise
What for long years in the slow womb of time
Needs silent preparation. From himself,
He with ingenious wilfulness demands
The impossible, that he may have a right
To ask the same from others. He would bind
The two ends of all things with hasty bond
In his soul, a task which in a million men
One may achieve—and *he* is not the man;
But, clutching madly at the stars, he falls
Back to the earth, no bigger than before.

LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

When the eternal
Father of gods and men
Soweth with kindly hand
Forth from the rolling clouds
Lightnings of blessing
Over the fields of Earth,
Humbly, then, I the last
Hem of his garment kiss,

With the love and the fear
Of a child in my breast.

For with the gods
May no son of man compare:
If upward he soareth,
Touching with head sublime
Stars that eternal shine,
Nowhere he finds there
Place for his foot to stand,
And with him freely
Sport there the birds and clouds.

When he with strong
And marrowy bones stands
On the well-grounded
Base of the solid earth,
Not even then
He dares with the oak compare,
Or with the vine
That clambers round its trunk.

Say what distinguisheth
Gods from the sons of men.
They are as waves
That rolling-on waves flow
In an eternal stream:
Us the wave lifteth,
Us the wave whelmeth,
And we are seen no more.

Small is the ring
That claspeth our life round;
And generations
On generations,
Coming and going,
Add link to link
Of an infinite chain.

THE VOCATION OF MAN.

Noble be man,
Friendly and good,
For goodness alone
Stamps him diverse
From all the creatures
That walk the earth.

Hail to the unknown
Mightier beings
Whom we anticipate!
What in the human
Typed we behold,
Leads to a faith
In the primal Divine.

For NATURE knows
No feeling for man;
The sun doth shine
On the bad and the good;
On fair and on foul
With indifferent eye
Look moon and stars.

Wind and water,
Thunder and hail,
Rush on their path,
And with hasty clutch
They seize as they pass
This one and that.

Even so FORTUNE
Blindly seizes
Now the light locks
Of innocent boyhood,
Now the bald crown
Of the hoary offender.

Bound by eternal
All-embracing
Iron decrees,
We must accomplish
Each man his fated
Circle of being.

But in the human
Range of his action,
MAN, like a god,
May achieve the impossible;
He distinguishes,
Chooses and judges;
And gives to the moment
The stamp of endurance.

He alone
Rewardeth the good,
Chastiseth the bad,
And all extravagant
Random endeavors
Binds with the bond
Of a common design.

And we wisely
Adore the Immortals,
Deeming them brothered
With what is most human,
In the great cosmos,
Willing and working
What in their small lives
Men may achieve.

The noble man
Be friendly and good,
Shaping unwearied
The useful, the right,
Planting before us
A sensible type
Of those beings unseen
Whom by faith we divine!

J. S. B.

MORNING WORK. — Perhaps, on the whole, moderately early rising is now a commoner practice in cities than it was forty years ago. It seems strange that the habit of lying in bed hours after the sun is up should ever have obtained a hold on the multitude of brain-workers, as undoubtedly it had in times past. Hour for hour, the intellectual work done in the early morning, when the atmosphere is as yet unpoisoned by the breath of myriads of actively moving creatures, must be, and, as a matter of experience, is, incomparably better than that done at night. The habit of writing and reading late in the day and far into the night, "for the sake of quiet," is one of the most mischievous to which a man of mind can addict himself. When the body is jaded the spirit may seem to be at rest, and not so easily distracted by the surroundings which we think less obtrusive than in the day; but this *seeming* is a snare. When the body is weary, the brain, which is an integral part of the body, and the mind, which is simply brain-function, are weary too. If we persist in working one part of the system because some other part is too tired to trouble us, that cannot be wise management of self. The feeling of tranquillity which comes over the busy and active man about 10.30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is, in fact, the effect of a lowering of vitality consequent on the exhaustion of the physical

sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand, the night-worker hails the "feeling" of mental quiescence, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness, and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result? Immediately, the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain working in health from proper sleep. Remotely, or later on, comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy wrung from exhausted or weary nerve-centres under pressure. This penalty takes the form of "nervousness," perhaps sleeplessness, almost certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies—springing from this unsuspected cause—the brain-worker very likely has recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Nightwork during student life and in after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable, suffering for which it is difficult if not impossible to find a remedy. Surely morning is the time for work, when the whole body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind-power at its best.

Lancet.